

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 7

November 2013

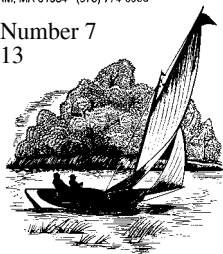
Special Features This Issue
Schooner American Eagle Wins Again
O'Day Mariner 50th Anniversary Rendezvous
Renegade – The String Thing
CLC Expedition Wherry



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November 2013



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Over the past few years I have been gradually supplementing the individual contributions from readers and some regular contributors with reprinted material from other publications and newsletters of articles I deemed would be of interest. It's always been a close thing each month to fill out each 60-page issue, the occasional stories from individual readers added to the regular contributors' columns sometimes come up short. As I've said many times before, we welcome your stories you'd like to share with all of us, don't be shy about sending them in.

In looking for additional sources of news, it was my opinion that some of the articles that appear in several club journals and newsletters that I regularly receive deserved to be shared with a wider readership once their own members had first look at them, and those I approached about this have been in agreement.

The UK's Dinghy Cruising Association's quarterly journal, *Dinghy Cruising*, is a substantial publication of 60 pages with lots of color photos and articles on that topic that are interesting to me due to the common experience nature of the activities covered. The local details, of course, are not what counts, it's the attitude of those who participate and the sea conditions in which they go cruising, quite different (more challenging) than what we have here. I am much indebted to Editor Keith Muscott and the contributors to his journal for all that I have been able to bring to you. I hope that reading about how they mess about in their small sailing dinghies might suggest to you potential new experiences.

The Delaware River Chapter TSCA now has a monthly emailed newsletter, *The Mainsheet*, with full color photos accompanying the stories members contribute, stories of adventures and projects more familiar to us. We began reprinting from *The Mainsheet* several years ago when it was a simple printed newsletter mailed out. The stories were of interest and fit right into our plain black and white format. Current Editor Frank Stauss has taken it online and it has flourished. A number of the Chapter's members are already readers of *MAIB* so our request to reprint was favorably regarded. For their part, it is hoped that this added exposure might attract new members from nearby areas.

The Shallow Water Sailor carries reports from members of the association about cruising in their shallow draft sailboats. Started back in Peter Duff's day with his Dovekie design to build interest in the boat and what could be done with it, its appeal has broadened to other makes with shallow water capabilities. Today, Editor Ken Murphy publishes online issues for the membership. Ken and those members who have agreed to share stories with us have been a boost to our content several times a year.

This year I began receiving weekly emails from Phil Behny of the John Gardner Chapter TSCA in Groton, Connecticut. While these emails are intended to keep up enthusiasm amongst members for the Chapter's unusual situation, with use of a boatshop on a university campus, I thought maybe editing it for our more widespread readership might illustrate just what such a traditional small craft group might have to offer and how it works out over a season. I was particularly struck with how their weekly Friday night gatherings at the boatshop to work together on boat building projects kept motivation and enthusiasm at a high level. Perhaps readers within geographic reach of Groton, Connecticut, might be attracted to join in now that they have had a look at what it has to offer.

From these four sources I regularly choose an article (sometimes plural) that particularly grabs my interest. While what interests me may not also interest all of you, choosing content is what an editor does. From time to time we also get reprint permissions from other small boat publications, also welcome. All this reprint stuff does not mean that *MAIB* is becoming a sort of *Readers's Digest*, my invitation is still out for original material from any of you wishing to participate.

Another page filling gambit I adopted was "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*," reprints from our own archives. We still have a number of readers with us from so long ago, but most of you would not have seen the articles I choose each month intended to show, even then, how broad gauge our content was. In looking through each month's issues (there were two a month then) I often get caught up in reading other articles, which bring back to me so much of what has transpired in a quarter century. Many are still germane to our interests today, sort of a nice timelessness about so much we enjoy.

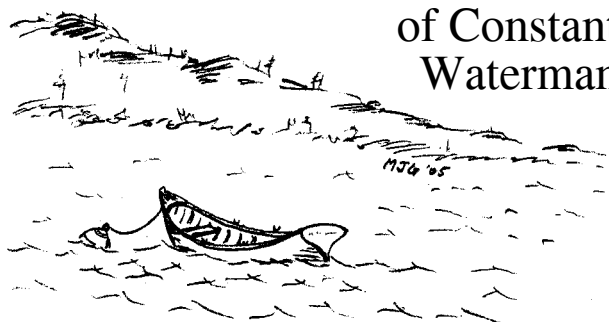
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On the Cover...

Regular contributor Dan Rogers heads out on his latest adventure in his *Shenanigan* scout-ing potential locations for his ambitious 2014 plan to host a moveable messabout amongst some of the pristine "wilderness" lakes of his home country in northeastern Washington state. Read more about it in his "Bucket List" in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Coming up Narragansett Bay at a comfortable four knots, I approached Dutch Island, to starboard. Behind this wooded 81 acres lies a lovely, sheltered harbor. On the foot of Dutch, the 42' lighthouse, dating from 1857, undergoes restoration.

I passed beneath the simple span that connects North Kingstown with Jamestown. I say "simple" for it has no towers, no cables, no visible trusses; merely a single bare sweep of concrete deck that connects tall piers. The centermost span bridges 600'; the girders hover 100' above little *MoonWind's* mast. The pedestal for each massive pier is the size of a summer cottage. Unfortunately, after they constructed this work of art, people discovered it functional as well, and now insist on driving their vehicles on it.

Past Conanicut Island lies Prudence Island, four miles long. Nearby are Hope and Patience Islands, designated estuarine sanctuaries. I looked for Faith and Charity, but Rhode Island, apparently, ran out of islands before she ran out of virtues.

Just above Prudence juts Warwick Neck, a part of the mainland. Here I hung a left, as we sailors say, and entered Greenwich Bay. Someone, long since, discovered its inner reaches conducive to mooring numerous boats. The cormorants, also long since, discovered the mummichogs there extremely friendly.

Captain Mac's cruiser, *Voyager*, lies at the end of the first pier beyond the first mooring field in East Greenwich. I dropped my jib and motored up gently alongside. The breeze obliged by keeping us apart. I made fast, adjusted my fenders, and tried to make *MoonWind* and me presentable. She has the advantage of being better looking to begin with.

Captain Mac showed up about nightfall, and we spent an hour throwing books and crackers at one another. By the time Madam Uniflight arrived, we were ready for supper. It was fortunate that she found us both amusing.

This morning, as they both had to work, I climbed the hill up to Main Street and had a delightful breakfast at Jigger's Diner. This is an old fashioned diner from 1950 that stands end-on to the street. You climb three steps, open the door, and find yourself wedged between the decrepit cash register and the trim, vivacious waitress. At ten o'clock Saturday morning they were busy, but I waited only minutes for a seat

at the counter. Three-dozen people put themselves outside French toast and strawberries, corned beef hash, sizzling steak, and poached eggs. A peck of home fried potatoes adorned the grill; their fragrance vied with that of the fresh brewed coffee. I had an omelet crammed with roasted vegetables and a helping of perfect home fries. A steaming mug of coffee and crisp rye toast completed the treatment.

Replete, I staggered outside and met the glare of the sun. I proceeded to walk until the potatoes and eggs were best distributed. Then I slid down the hillside to the harbor and admired boats.

After noon, Madam Uniflight returned and we gave our kayaks a chance to play in the water. Her sea kayak tracked well through the gentle chop and breeze; my stubby little flat-water boat bounced and splashed and wriggled. She had to wait up for me every fifteen minutes. It certainly curbed my garrulity to be so far apart. On the other hand, I had fifteen minutes to think of extremely clever things to say. We rounded Potowomut Neck and ascended the estuary. But we'd started late, and my hosts expected people for drinks. We decided to curtail our adventure, and just mess around the salt marsh by the mouth of the estuary. We admired a rank of cormorants drying themselves on a ruinous wall; we scraped our bottoms amid the stands of grasses.

Then we returned. After six miles of tide and breeze, I was ready for anything; namely, a nap. I hosed off my kayak and stowed her back on deck. The time had come to say goodbye to my friends and take my leave, but first, they kindly offered me a shower. Imagine that: a shower on a boat. You turn the knob, and voila: hot water comes out! What won't they think of next?

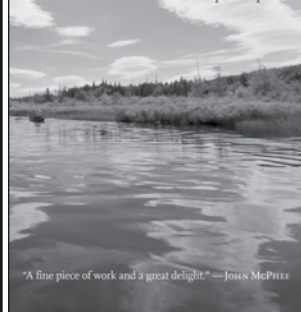
Those of us with showerless boats ought to get one of those black plastic bags that you drape on your boom to heat five gallons of water by solar power. Then you prance, naked, in your cockpit, to the delight of old ladies with binoculars, and rinse the salt from your bristles. In the winter you can use this water to create a small skating rink. You can whiz about your cockpit, and use your unshipped tiller to practice your slap shot.

After my ablutions, I bade my friends adieu. As evening approached, I opted to motor a mile away to Potowomut Neck and drop my anchor. This bight in the shore, just off the state park, provides a good anchorage. I dropped my hook by the prettiest little Bristol I've ever seen and settled in for the night.

AN ADIRONDACK PASSAGE

Christine Jerome

The Cruise of the Canoe *Sairy Gamp*



"A fine piece of work
and a great delight."

—John McPhee

"An enchanting record
of a canoe trip."

—The New Yorker

Christine Jerome follows the route taken in 1883 by journalist and outdoorsman "Nessmuk" (George Washington Sears) in his 9-foot, 10½-lb canoe, the *Sairy Gamp*, 266 miles through the central

Adirondacks. A rich, eloquent narrative that weaves Nessmuk's story with Jerome's and intersperses Adirondack cultural and natural history.

—An Adirondack Passage is 320 pages, paperback, \$14.00

—MoonWind at Large, by Matthew Goldman, \$14.95

—The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14.00

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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

What Memories!

Looking back at the November 2012 issue, I loved the "25 Years Ago" feature about the launching of the gig *Siren Song*. My wife and I were amongst her crew in recent years.

One of my favorite memories is of the year we rowed her in the Snow Row. The boats launch from the beach in that race and that year the beach was covered with snow and the cove was full of floating ice, not solid, not slush, but stuff broken up by the waves and pushed in by the wind. We got the gig out through that and put her back on the beach further down. There was a big turnout, gigs, whaleboats, wherries, dories, etc. Hundreds of participants.

Siren Song is, surprisingly, still in service, pretty good for a 25-year-old plywood boat. She was pretty unique when launched. Now there are over 100 rowers and three gigs in Gloucester (Massachusetts) and many more elsewhere around the country.

Seeing the fishing vessel *Anne Rowe* in the background in one of the photos evoked powerful and unexpected emotions and memories. First off was recalling Billy Rowe, from the same family, I'm sure. He was a lobsterman and I'd run into him when we were both walking the dogs in rotten weather, stuff that was not worth fishing in and, of course, stuff that my wife didn't care to be out in.

Billy was going to class nights to get a captain's license. That was something I always wanted to do. So this guy was getting up at 4am, working all day like a dog lobstering, had an 11-month-old at home and was going to class nights. His reality took away all my excuses so I decided then to get my master's ticket. The value of this is just that it was something I aspired to and did.

I'd bet that the *Anne Rowe* was a Rockport, Texas, built boat. I made many trips on an offshore dragger named *Irish Sea* that was essentially the same with more rake to the bow and two outriggers. We fished her from off Louisiana down past Texas all the way to Vera Cruz. What memories!

Capt Gnat, Beverly MA

Getting People Off Their Butts

Some ten or 12 years ago, as a high school level trumpet player and wannabe jazz musician, I took a course at Concord (Massachusetts) adult ed in "traditional jazz." The teacher, a rather crusty old fellow, sat us down, asked the piano player to start belting out the chords for "Saints Go Marching In," then asked us to start improvising. No music stands, no music books, just "listen and do it." And, amazingly, we all did.

On departing class one night several weeks later I asked this fellow the origin of the beautiful strip canoe on top of his truck.

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He remarked that it was a sailing canoe, that he built it and that I could make one, too. This casual suggestion sparked a friendship (with hours at his kitchen table, then his basement workshop, designing and building a canoe), many canoe sails and a level of mentoring that lasted many years.

Larry (and Evelyn, his deceased wife) have been instrumental in getting hundreds, if not thousands, of people "off their butts" in the Boston Metrowest area, doing any number of things, Indian lore, canoe sailing and paddling, jazz, falconry, the list goes on and on.

While Larry has moved to the Denver area to be with his daughter's family, we still remain in contact. He is currently preoccupied with documenting the history of canoe racing in America. His style of teaching through doing, however, could be a model for adult ed. I think it's a fair statement to say our loss is Denver's gain. I wish Larry the very best!

Beau Schless, <http://www.rasco.com>

Brush with a Ferry

In 1942 my mother was a pickup in a sailboat. She was swimming in Long Lake in the upper peninsula of Michigan when my father jibed over in his 11' dinghy and picked her up. Thus began a lifelong romance. For sentimental reasons my folks kept the dinghy. When I was 14 I sailed it in Eagle Harbor, Bainbridge Island, Washington. Every summer day I would sail it to Blake Rock to visit a particular octopus which was always waiting for me before swooshing into his underwater cave in the rocks.

One day on the way back home I became becalmed in the ferry lane. The ferry from Seattle was approaching fast! I frantically moved the tiller back and forth but was not able to make much headway out of the path of the ferry. I grabbed the paddle but was not able to move out of the ferry lane. I prepared to fend off with the paddle.

Fortunately, the bow wake of the ferry pushed me out of the direct path of the behemoth boat. As my frail craft floated 10' from the ferry, I looked up to the second story passenger deck to see people at the port railing with round eyes of startled surprise and wonder at my narrow escape. I also escaped being sucked into the propeller as the stern passed by. This lucky little dinghy changed my life twice.

Marilyn Bolstad

Appreciation for Hugh Ware

Hugh Gave So Many Readers So Much Pleasure

I'm sure, as your daughter put it, "Hugh was a very nice man." Like many of your readers, I share in your loss. He had to be a "nice man" to give so many readers so much pleasure with his informative and some times humorous "Beyond the Horizon" articles. It's a sad day for all of us

Jim Kidd

Someone to Take Over Hugh's Column?

I sure do wish you could find someone to take over the helm of the "Beyond The

Horizon" column. You could never replace Hugh Ware, but that column was weirdly interesting, like watching a slow motion train wreck, marveling at all the crazy mishaps on the water along with the sobering reminder of lives lost on the sea. It is very much missed.

David Bower, Hillsboro TX

Editor Comments: Indeed Hugh cannot be replaced, he was unique in his knowledge, vision and worldwide connections.

Information of Interest...

An Udderly Fantastic Substitute

I read Mr Callahan's letter concerning the virtues of true tallow for oar leathers in the September issue and I agree that to a purist, tallow would be the way to go, but lacking that, there's an udderly fantastic substitute. It's designed to sooth cracks and scratches in uncured leather and has some medicinal qualities as well. When I was building boats, I gave a small tin of it to each customer, explaining there were several places to apply it, but for different reasons. As a protectant/lubricant on oar leathers, a lube in oarlock sockets, a soothing rub for chapped, or blistered hands and even blistered backsides if that's the case. It doesn't go rancid and although it has a slight medicinal smell, it's not obtuse. It's called "Bag Balm." It comes in a green can, and yes, that's what it's for, dairy farmers use it on their milk cows. If it works for the cows, who are we to argue?

Tim Mayer, ME

New CBMM Shipwright Apprentice

Chris Kretch of Ringoes, New Jersey, has joined the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland, as a shipwright apprentice. Chris' apprenticeship begins with restoration work on the historic skipjack, *Rosie Parks*. He recently completed a one year program at the Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan, and earned his BA degree in graphic arts from The College of New Jersey. Chris was introduced to CBMM by Great Lakes Boat Building School's Director of Development and Student Services and former CBMM shipwright apprentice, Bud McIntire.

CBMM's professional shipwright apprentice program provides recent wooden boat building school graduates on the job training through the restoration and maintenance of the largest collection of Chesapeake Bay watercraft in the world. Many apprentices continue their careers in the boat building or maritime industries, working in commercial shipbuilding or small boatyards around the Chesapeake Bay. Others have become shipwrights on large vessel construction projects or are working in the maritime museum industry. For more information about CBMM, visit www.cbmm.org.

A New Model of the *Evelina M. Goulart*

Paul Gran, an American and Israeli citizen, has lived in Israel for the past 35 years but he and his wife, Brenda, have spent

many summers in Rockport, Massachusetts. He was a recent speaker at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts, where he presented his model of the museum's *Evelina M. Glouart*. He has been a hobbyist since he was a teenager when he started building model ships, including the *U.S.S. Constitution* and the *Titanic*. He is perhaps best known to Cape Ann folk for his model of the *Andrea Gail* that debuted two years ago at the Cape Ann Museum.

Shipbuilding is not new to Paul. In the 1970s he was the chief engineer of a yacht-building company in Korea. While there, he built a ketch, the *Brenda Lynn*. After a nearly five year journey around the world with his wife and daughters, they ended up in Israel, where they settled. He loves building accurate model ships and feels it is not that much different from building real ones as he's done both.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Essex, MA

Opinions...

Enjoyed Article on Yachts

I enjoyed the article on yachts. When I was a boy we spent Dad's vacation cruising Long Island Sound in our homemade 21' sloop. Over the years we probably dropped anchor in every harbor on the Sound. One of the things that impressed me was the surprisingly large number of yachts. I suppose individuals would quibble a bit as to where to draw the line that separates big boats from yachts, but there were plenty of both. I often wondered where all those people got all that money. The big boats that fell short of being yachts may not have needed crews, but they consumed a lot of fuel and had to be parked somewhere and maintained, none of which was cheap.

In a recent issue there was some commentary on global warming, which seems to be still under debate. I would ask all to ask themselves a very simple question. If we treat global warming as a real threat and have more fuel efficient cars, better insulated homes, less dependency on fossil fuels, even if global warming turns out to be a hoax, what is the downside?

John S. Smith, Hamilton NJ

Projects...

Painted Canvas is Easier and Cheaper

Not to downplay the obvious virtues of E/FG, but an easier, cheaper and fully proven method of waterproofing small boats is PC, Painted Canvas.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL

This Magazine...

Hats off to Her

When I saw that dumpy looking boat on the September cover I thought, here we go again! After reading about its skipper I then thought, quite a lady, made her coastal cruise seem like a trip around the harbor. Hats off to her. Most guys would write about aches and pain and DANGER. She was relaxed, made it look like child's play.

The boat fascinated me. 19'. You owe your readers a page showing Bolger's plan, making a silk purse out of what looks like a mishmash.

Stan Markocki, Port Washington, NY

Editor Comments: We showed the plan in our November 2012 issue, page 41, in brief article about meeting Shemaya in Gloucester, "Glasshouse Chebacco Shake-down Cruise..

Nailed Us to the Wall

Looking at the September issue fresh from the mailbox, in spite of the tempting cover story about Shemaya and her Glasshouse Chebacco, I still started at the back. Always entertaining and often thought provoking, Robert Summers nailed us to the wall with his "Shiver Me Timbers Hubris." I have clipped for copying the third bar down, he turns upside down my theory of why bother to do it when reaching my age.

Bob Simmons, Sand Point, ID

Meet Our Contributors...

Scott Baldwin

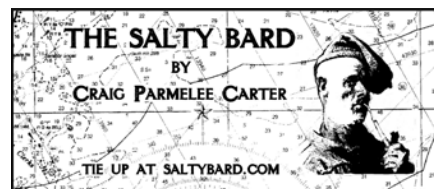
Scott Baldwin is a professional illustrator and marine artist of 30 years standing who works for a variety of clients in the publishing and graphic design fields. Scott's illustrations head several of our regular columns in each issue. He lives in Connecticut near the river and Long Island sound. He produces drawings and note cards for people, works from observation and photos and does commissioned paintings of boats. His website is www.baldwinstudio.us.



Keith Muscott

Keith Muscott, an avid dinghy sailor in the UK, edits and produces *Dinghy Cruising*, the Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK). He has kindly permitted us at *MAIB* to reprint articles we think might interest our readers. His readership extends to many parts of the world. Keith gets out on the water as often as he can aboard his 14'7" long cat ketch called *Seren* (a Welsh word for Star), a boat designed by Ian Howlett. If you are into dinghies you'll find *Dinghy Cruising* an interesting read with great photographs.

He is also a keen musician seen in the photo knocking out some blues for clients at the Royal Hotel in Longhope, a coastal settlement in Orkney, Scotland.



Boundless Sea

By Craig Carter

Shipmates on the boundless seas,
Don't look for us, we're absentees,
Like soaring gulls, with wings outstretched,
We're here one day and gone the next.

Off to distant lands we sail,
There's no one port from which we hail,
No objective to which we're pinned,
We go with the prevailing wind.

Exotic places that astound,
That's where we're likely to be found,
Where the ocean is cerulean blue,
Delights abound and cares are few.

Back when I was just a boy,
I didn't have a favorite toy,
In a boat I'd spend the day,
Rowing all around the bay.

There was nothing that was more sublime,
No better way to spend the time,
Even now it still is true,
There's nothing that I'd rather do.

There are those who are bound to say,
You're wasting your whole life away,
They'll stomp their feet and then decree,
You have to act responsibly!
You must conform, your life's amiss,
In fact, it's downright dangerous!

But tell me, how can that be so?
Should we never have the chance to know?
The risks we take, you must agree,
Can lead to opportunity,
And living life outside the box,
Is a lot more fun than buying stocks!

We set sail and wave goodbye,
A shame we don't see eye to eye,
Brother, father, sister, mother,
We'll meet on this side, or the other.

We're shipmates on a boundless sea,
through life we're sailing by the lee.



Since 2005 the Middleton Stream Team, an active volunteer group in Middleton, MA, with the broad purposes of environmental stewardship, conservation, public service and education in Massachusetts' Ipswich River Watershed, has produced a wide ranging weekly called *The Water Closet* on water-related subjects from local to worldwide. It is primarily published for residents in the watershed but we now have readers in far-away places, served by our Email. *Water Closet* essays are published by the area's community newspaper, the *Tri-Town Transcript* and the Ipswich River Watershed Association.

Over the years readers have encouraged us and author Pike Messenger to put these essays together in a book. The publication effort leading to this book was initiated in 2009 with funds for the purpose set aside from a retirement party for Pike's service to the town as Middleton's Conservation Commission Agent. The Commission's secretary, Joan Caulfield, and weekly reviewer, John Bacon, prepared the manuscript, and Jill Buchanan of Zoom Consulting, Gloucester, put it into publishing form this summer.

300 essays published from 2006 through 2011 cover a wide range of "wet" subjects from alewives, to glacier sculpted local landscapes, to Indian and Colonial land use, to local water animals and plants, to floods, etc. Because we are again, after 400 years, in a time of beavers, these amazing animals and their works are often featured. Since the Stream Teamers' prime wading and paddling grounds are the wetlands, tributaries and river, many essays have arisen from year round explorations of them.

Every now and then tucked among the essays are what unenlightened skeptics of the environmental movement would call rants. There are also poems and reviews of recent books on watery subjects. A score of pictures by local photographers grace the pages.

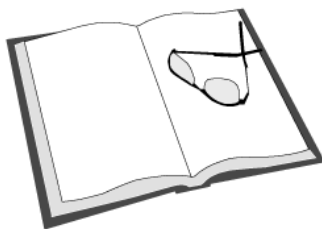
Pike Messenger, author of the essays, has spent a lifetime near water. His boyhood playground and farm fields were along and in the salt marshes of the Merrimack River estuary. In the Navy he served on two ships in the Pacific. Returning to civilian life he taught 30 years of high school biology at Melrose High School and Triton Regional School on the edge of the Parker River estuary in Byfield, MA. After teaching he served Middleton for 14 years as Conservation Agent. Natural history, social history, biology, geology, rowing, paddling, conservation, gardening and hiking have been lifelong interests.

The book is now available at a cost of \$20 through area non-profits: The Middleton Stream Team, Middleton Historical Society,

In our August issue we published a short article by Pike Messenger, a nostalgic look back to many years ago when he was involved with a youth rowing club on our local Merrimack River, the Rings Island Rowing Club. I had come across the article when it appeared as the topic of his weekly essay in *The Water Closet*, an online newsletter of the Middleton Stream Team. I had come across this volunteer group this past season when I took more interest in our local Ipswich River as a kayaking site.

I hadn't been in touch with Pike for maybe 25 years since his Rings Island days, so I reconnected with him and discovered that his weekly essays for some six years (2006-2011) had been collected together into

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Book Review



The Water Closet Ipswich River Watershed and Beyond

By Pike Messenger

Massachusetts Audubon at Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary, Essex County Greenbelt, and Ipswich River Watershed Association. All book sales receipts above publication and printing costs go to the participating non-profit organizations.

To order from the Middleton Stream Team contact Pike at (978) 774-1507, Pike-mid@verizon.net, or 32 Boston Street, Middleton, MA 01949. Make checks out to the Middleton Stream Team, \$20 if picked up or delivered locally. \$24 if mailed.

Editor Comments

a book entitled, unsurprisingly, *The Water Closet, Ipswich River Watershed & Beyond*. Pike gave me a review copy and I immediately got to reading all 440 pages, an essay or three at a sitting. It proved to be a wonderful read. While focused on our local river and its wetlands and all the issues surrounding such a situation, recreation, water supply, pollution, wildlife, open land preservation, the subjects covered are applicable to such locales all over the country.

Pike's subjects range widely, with the focus on our fresh waters being of particular interest to those readers who enjoy paddling such streams or are involved, as is Pike and

Meandering on the Ipswich River September 23, 2013

Last week on a fine September afternoon four old timers left the web of asphalt that defines our modern way of life. Their brief respite from machines was on the Ipswich River in southeast Middleton, western Danvers and Peabody. Before those towns were incorporated, the river passed through western Salem, before that the country of the Naumkeags who had no mapped bounds. The world of modern Americans is not even close to the one of just two centuries ago before engine powered vehicles. If you want to get some hint of what it was like before trains, cars and paved roads, you can follow our streams and river or skirt around many of our wetlands. The Indians and English of Salem had neither roads nor highways. Footpaths leading place to place gave way to rough horse and ox cart paths. Waterways were then a major means of getting self and stuff around.

The four Stream Teamers put their canoe and kayaks of plastic, not dugout pine or birch bark, in at Farnsworth Landing, corner of the river and state highway Route 114. The river, despite a dry late summer, had a fair amount of water thanks to beaver dams. Flow is now barely perceptible. On getting underway they meandered generally southwest into the sun paddling easily in the channel between lush flooded expanses of shoulder high smart weed and dying button bushes, many draped with climbing hemp weed. Duckweeds covering much of the water were dying after a prolific long season. It and several other aquatic plants on the wane offered no resistance to smooth hulls. A great blue heron rose gracefully just ahead and flapped up river as if leading them on. Solitary outside nesting season, they often do this, sometimes staying just ahead of paddlers for a couple miles or more.

The heron and paddlers were enjoying a wide floodplain covered with a couple of feet of water. Even the squiggly narrow channel is only 5' to 7' deep. The dense growth on either side kept the vessels from straying. In the great floods of 2001 and 2006 the water was five feet higher, flowing quickly toward the sea well above the swamp dogwood and button bushes. Bushes are far fewer now due to year round beaver flooding. There used to be a dozen or more very large old willows spaced every few hundred yards, seemingly leaning on the channel. The paddlers found only two still standing with just a few leaved twigs amidst great dead branches. The rest are down and rotting, no longer provid-

his fellow Stream Teamers, their preservation as natural assets. To best illustrate what you'll be reading, the September 23 *Water Closet*, just in as I write this, is included in this review

I wanted to share this with all of you so herewith is some information about the book, including how to order up your copy if it appeals. This is an outstanding entirely volunteer effort, the proceeds go into the Middleton Stream Team funds for continuing its efforts at preserving and enjoying this community asset.

To learn more about the Middleton Stream Team go to: www.middletonstreamteam.org or email them at: StreamTeam@comcast.net.

ing perches for the birds. They did admire a belted kingfisher flying between the two lonely survivors.

Obstacles expected were soon encountered. The two men clambered on to a one foot high beaver dam crossing the channel and continuing on into flanking vegetation. They dragged their large canoe over the dam to the upriver side and then pulled over the lighter kayaks with paddlers. When the water is high in fall, winter and spring, this dam and most of the others in the river are well underwater, so no impediment to navigation. The beavers like to keep the floodplain underwater. We have a story from one old timer of this floodplain, when it was "wet meadow," being mowed for fodder in late summer less than a century ago. Now it is largely impenetrable low jungle. Most of the trees that took over after farming days are gone. The returning beavers, starting 15 years ago, drowned them, only plants that can take lots of water year around now thrive. In the last few years, reed canary grass has become dominant. Its leaves dried from bright green to light beige a couple of months ago.

Fifteen minutes after the first dam another similar one was encountered and the lifting dragging up a foot was repeated. In less than one mile three low dams were crossed over. The vessels were three feet higher than when they started.

On rounding one turn, the tiny fleet was always rounding in the first mile, a juvenile cormorant rose from the water just in front of the lead vessel, which stopped and gave way to the Stream Team's photographer in her kayak. Her subject, diving now and then, kept just ahead of her, at times within a yard or so. One paddler reminded the group that cormorants much prefer swimming to flying. The group's new companion seemed not to want them with her, but not enough to struggle into the air, at least not on a short curving runway. Soon the feathered friend turned abruptly, fell astern and slowly disappeared downriver from whence she came. We read somewhere these superb fishers can dive to a depth of 50'.



After she left, the uplands on the Danvers and Middleton sides closed in and the river straightened. The floodplain narrowed as the paddlers neared Peabody. They were enjoying some shade from flanking swamp white oaks and red maples when a disturbance from half submerged roots caught their ears and eyes. A large beaver, followed immediately by another, left the rooted bank within 15 feet of them. The pair submerged and swam under the vessels across the river from Middleton to Peabody. The startled humans exclaimed at their large size. Naturalist Paul Renzendes writes of one caught weighing 93 pounds.¹

The tiny vessels with low freeboard were now beneath mature trees. They turned west in cool air toward North Reading on calm reflecting water. The filtered sun had them in a glowing tunnel of green. Even the red maple leaves hadn't yet turned much to their namesake. However, a fall feel was very much in the air, perfect weather for paddling. Downed trees had the paddlers zigzagging around partially submerged branches. Houses were close by in Peabody to the south and Middleton to the north. In mid river, on towns bound buffered by woods, they couldn't be seen. With no effort, car sounds were shut out. For three hours not a cell phone jingle was heard. The paddlers were close to their fellows yet well away.



The river flows pretty much on a straight line west to east in south Middleton just below the Lowell-Salem rail bed. The rails are gone, the way is a fine paved hiking trail thanks to the City of Peabody. Walkers and paddlers are screened from each other by bushes under a canopy of healthy trees.

Finally they encountered an ancient manmade obstacle not easily passed over when going up river against the current. It is the stone ruin of a causeway that once allowed farmers to go back and forth between fields in Peabody and Middleton, or least that is what some have long thought. They stopped below it for refreshment, rest and a quiet chat about what it was, when it was and other things. One paddler, a lifelong resident of Middleton, told of boyhood trips down the river on truck inner tubes. He and friends would start near the North Reading line at B-B Chemical Company, now Bostik, Inc, and leisurely float all day the seven or so miles down to Peabody Street without cell phones or their mother's knowledge. He didn't say it, but the old timers present who had similar freedom and adventures when kids, heard the nostalgia in his voice.

A book by superb all around naturalist and turtle specialist David Carroll is being happily read now by the old Closeteer. In *Following the Water* Carroll, in one of 180 lyrical pages, most filled with science, worries for members of his species.

"Though I know this wetland so well, in its purely physical as well as its ecological and metaphysical aspects, neither the familiarity nor hardships breed contempt. Being here has brought me knowledge, both tangible and ineffable, of a world apart, completely distinct, from that of my own kind. How many of us, and how often, think of the fact we live our time on a planet, within that planet's time? What good is it to be alive on Earth and never come to know at least the place where one lives? We don't try to know it with our senses, much less with our minds and spirits. How many human feet in the industrialized world know anything more

than floors, pavement, lawn or manicured sandy beach in a lifetime? We live on Earth without walking on it. What do we touch with our hands? So many human eyes and ears see only the human constructed landscape, hear only human sounds. Wild hills and swamps are looked on casually, if at all... We are, in fact, overwhelmingly out of our senses. Our eyes are open for such a brief time, our appearance on Earth between two unfathomable sleeps. Are we to sleepwalk through it?"

Carroll doesn't often take flight like this. His feet are usually firmly in the mud and among the plants of his beloved turtle habitats. In three wonderful books² he, with feeling, enthusiastically describes his central New Hampshire haunts.

The paddlers taking a break below the ruin turned and caught the current scarcely noticeable until riding with it. They were quieter on the two plus mile return back to pavement. Perhaps they were having thoughts such as Carroll's.

One old Closeteer read somewhere that over 90% of Americans live in cities. Olmsted³, genius creator of Central Park and the Emerald Necklace, tried his best to provide places with water, soil and vegetation for city dwellers. Carroll begs people to visit such places. Here in the Ipswich River Basin there are many near at hand. We have only to step off our roads and walk or paddle a bit. When you do, leave all electronic gadgets including cell phones in the car.

¹In his good book *Tracking and the Art of Seeing* Paul Renzendes tells of Jim Cardoza, Massachusetts wildlife biologist, reporting one weighing 93 pounds. Renzendes writes that most are 28 to 75 pounds.

²We recommend *The Year of the Turtle*, *Swampwalker's Journal* and *Following the Flow* by MacArthur genius grant award winner David Carroll to you

³Frederick Law Olmsted, 19th century landscape architect

The Water Closet is provided by the Middleton Stream Team: www.middleton-streamteam.org or <MSTMiddletonMA@gmail.com> or (978) 777-4584



The O'Day Mariner 50th Anniversary Rendezvous on August 9-11 really began the day before on Thursday, August 8. Throughout the day, Mariners slowly arrived from all over the eastern part of the country at the Niantic River launch ramp in Waterford, Connecticut, to prepare for the excursion to Mystic Seaport to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the building of the O'Day Mariner. Remarkably, one of the participating boats, *Lorelei*, was hull #20, made in the first few weeks of production in 1963! Since I keep my 1970 O'Day Mariner *Orion* (hull #1922) on a nearby mooring, I motored over to the launch ramp to greet people as they arrived. It was nice to see familiar faces from past sailing trips and to meet new folks whom I had only known through emails for the past few months while planning for the Rendezvous.

Most sailors elected to rig their boats, keep them on their trailers and launch Friday morning, but a few went the extra step to avoid morning congestion at the launch ramp by putting their boats in the water and anchoring nearby. I went out to anchor with this group and, as night fell, I continued to watch as boats arrived, illuminated by the lights around the launch ramp parking lot.

While weather reports for Thursday suggested heavy downpours and thunder all day long, the skies had remained overcast most of the day and only rained heavily for a brief period of time late in the afternoon. Friday's forecast indicated strong winds and downpours with a slight chance of a thunderstorm, but as the weathermen had been wrong about Thursday, my hope was they would be wrong about Friday as well.

Friday morning dawned with overcast skies, building winds and a smattering of rain. I brought my boat to the floating docks at the launch ramp to assist others as the last of the Mariners showed up, bringing the total of boats to 17. Originally event registration had topped out at 24 boats but for various reasons, including one tale of a trailer hub found to be completely missing from its axle during a pit stop en route to the Rendezvous, seven boats had to back out. The people who did attend had levels of experience ranging from seasoned sailors to almost first timers.

Launching went smoothly with only one heart in the throat moment as #2781 *O'Mitzvah!*, not secured by any bowline, went racing backward toward my boat as it hit the water, threatening to punch a hole in the side with the tipped up motor on its stern. Quick action by another sailor prevented serious damage as he jumped on my boat and

The O'Day Mariner 50th Anniversary Rendezvous

By Nathan Bayreuther



"Weary" - Weary sailors approaching the Mystic drawbridge—Photo by Alice Hawrilenko

pushed the other boat away despite slipping and falling on the bow. *Orion* suffered only a small scrape and the rest of the launching was completed in short order with a lot of nervous laughs and an elevated sense of caution!

While I had hoped to have everybody pass underneath the Niantic railroad drawbridge at the same time, only a little more than half of the group was able to get through before it had to close for an approaching train. By the time it opened again and the rest were able to enter Niantic Bay, a good mile separated the fleet. I was near the back of the pack, keeping an eye on those who were struggling to raise sails in winds surpassing 20 knots with seas building to 3'-4'. Conditions were extremely rough and after a short time #2654, *Tia Maria*, at the very rear

reported a failed motor and a broken tiller. #2024, *Claw See Nuf*, closest to them, was kind enough to abandon the trip and turn around to tow them back into Niantic. We were down from 17 boats to 15.

Most of those in the lead had chosen to take a long route around the south end of Bartlett's Reef, but a few transited Two Tree Island Channel, a route closer to shore. Two crews felt more comfortable motoring from the outset and continued under power alone. Conditions deteriorated further when the storm reached its peak off of New London, driving rain completely shut down visibility and stung skin as it was accompanied by sustained winds of 25 knots gusting over 30 and seas between 4'-6'. As I worked to keep control of my own boat, I felt nervous for the rest of the sailors as I knew most of them had never sailed in this area before.

Every once in a while the rain let up just enough so I could see three or four other boats in the general vicinity before it picked up again and obscured my view. Finally, when I reached the designated rally point at the head of the Mystic River at Noank, the rain let up and I could see more of the horizon. With only a few boats in sight, radio calls confirmed a number of other boats had already gone up the river to seek shelter in the lee of Mason Island just before the railroad bridge. A total count of only 14 boats left me feeling uneasy as one mother daughter crew of #1338, *Hot Flashes*, novice sailors new to the area, remained unaccounted for. Other sailors reported hearing over the radio that the two had temporarily suspended their trip due to the rough conditions and were tying up in New London for the day where their relatives lived. Needless to say, I was greatly relieved to talk to them on the phone a short time later to confirm they were indeed safe.

The group of wet, weary, weather beaten sailors motored single file through the Mystic railroad bridge, catching the US 1 highway bridge at its scheduled opening time of 2:40pm. Half a dozen Mystic Seaport dock workers were waiting for us at the museum's floating docks where we were all going to tie up together. Len Sawyer, Dock Master at the Seaport, later told me he was absolutely astounded we had made it through the storm and could not believe we had even attempted the trip.

Once all the boats were secured, we all congratulated each other on arriving safely and our spirits soared. We had been through an extremely rough time together and we came through it and were proud of

"Dockside 1" - The Mariner Fleet at the Mystic Seaport docks—Photo by John Hoover



"Leaving" - Mariners motoring out through the Mystic drawbridge—Photo by Aniko DeMarco





“Sailing” - The Eggers family enjoying a brisk return sail in #2280 *Julie B*—Photo by Steve Hock



“Relaxing” - The crew of #3590 *Winter's Wait* relaxing at their boat—Photo by Steve Hock



“Orion” - The author in #1922 *Orion* sailing home off of Groton—Photo by Steve Hock

our accomplishment. Because of this, it galvanized us into a team, dare I say family, and that sense of family and community set the tone for the weekend. And, as I mentioned at the evening buffet the following night, those who considered themselves novice sailors were now experienced sailors in my book.

We were excited to meet other Association members who had come by car and we spent time swapping stories, resting, cleaning our boats, erecting small covers and cockpit awnings and taking advantage of the Seaport's hot showers and laundry facilities. That evening we enjoyed a pizza party by the docks with food supplied by the famous “Mystic Pizza” before the rain returned, sending many sailors back to their boats and nearby hotels for the night. When the rain finally ended around 9:30pm, the clouds broke up enough so we could see the stars and weather forecasts predicted sunny days for the rest of the weekend, which they were.

Sailors began poking their heads out of their boats on Saturday morning, waking up to beautiful sunshine and comfortable temperatures. The docks and boats were soon festooned with gear drying in the sun. Throughout the day members walked around the Seaport, taking in all the sights and visiting all the exhibits. Some had previously registered for special behind the scenes garden, collections and boat hall tours led by Seaport guides and each member thoroughly enjoyed each one. A few folks watched a model yacht regatta at the North End of the Seaport and others took the short walk downtown by the highway bridge to explore the many shops and restaurants.

The 56th Annual Mystic Outdoor Arts Festival was also happening that weekend and was a pleasure to see, stretching over two miles along the sidewalks of downtown Mystic and featuring over 100,000 works of art.

A few boaters enjoyed simply staying put at the docks. There was no limit to the possibilities of things to see and do. In the midst of all this we were elated to see the crew of the disabled #2654, *Tia Maria*, who arrived instead by car, and we cheered as #2024, *Claw See Nuf*, and #1338, *Hot Flashes*, arrived in the afternoon. We also welcomed a new member to the group, a Mystic Seaport employee with his young son who had brought their newly purchased Mariner to the Seaport and tied up alongside the others to join in the fun.

After everybody (nearly 60 of us) gathered for a group photo in the late afternoon, we all walked to the Seaport's Boat Shed, a pavilion overlooking the Mystic Seaport basin specifically created for wedding functions and gatherings like ours. Here a deli-

cious dinner was provided by Coastal Gourmet, a catering company affiliated with the Seaport. The highlight of the night was listening to our two guest speakers, Mariner live aboard (!) Angela Morley and current Mariner manufacturer, Dave Whittier, owner of Stuart Marine.

Angela discussed how she was able to live onboard a small boat like the Mariner and provided details and insight into simplistic living.

Dave, having traveled all the way from Maine to speak at the dinner, talked about the history of the company and how he became its owner. Imagine my surprise to find out Stuart Scharaga, founder of Stuart Marine, acquired the abandoned Mariner molds in 1983 after purchasing a Mariner from my own family's marina, Bayreuther Boat Yard, in the 1970s! Dave went on to talk about changes they had made to the boat, strengths of the Mariner they had left unchanged and his perspective as a small boat business owner in Maine. He encouraged us to continue using our boats, take others sailing, share stories and support the Class Association as that is what has helped keep the Mariner alive and thriving for 50 years. Everybody was thrilled to hear him speak and engaged in an informative question and answer session before we all retired for the night.

Sailors were up early Sunday morning and proceeded to make their boats ready for the sail back to Niantic. We left the docks, waving goodbye to fellow Association members who had come to see us off, and we slipped through the bridges. We motored all the way down the Mystic River and were met with nearly no wind, quite a difference from Friday, and continued motoring until the wind started to fill in off of Groton Long Point. One by one, sails went up and motors were shut off as the impromptu and friendly race home began.

It was a picture perfect day and the winds increased to provide us all with a lively sail into Niantic Bay. Each crew eventually took their sails down and made their way through the Niantic bridges to the busy Sunday afternoon launch ramp. Boats were plucked out of the water and derigged with plenty of time left to fight the traffic going home on Interstate 95. Many new friendships had been made, several sailors likened the Rendezvous to a big “family reunion” and were already looking forward to another one. I eventually motored back to my mooring where I breathed a sigh of relief, everyone was safe, it seemed everyone had a great time and the whole Rendezvous had been an enormous success.

My father drove me back to Mystic Seaport that evening since I had left my

own car there for the weekend packed with supplies for the event. I walked to the gate and peered through to the floating docks and I felt sad seeing everything gone, no Mariners, no Mariner burgees flying in the breeze, no welcome sign, no more familiar faces, it was completely empty. As I began the drive home, a very small part of me wondered if this whole event had been a dream. Just then, a car passed me headed the other way with a Mariner in tow. A quick glance in the mirror revealed it was #2781, *O'Mitzvah!*, headed to New London as its owner had lived in the area years ago and he was most likely on his way to visit friends. I could not help but smile and realize that no, this had not been a dream, simply put, it had been one of the best sailing experiences of my life.

About the Mariner

In my mind, the Mariner was built primarily for two reasons; first, for individuals and families to have a good time sailing a fast yet stable and forgiving boat, and second, for them to be safe while doing so. The fact that it can also be successfully raced as a one design class is an added bonus and is done so on a regular basis at yacht clubs along the eastern seaboard.

But everyone who participated in the Rendezvous was there for fun, there was no competitive racing or judgment of sailing abilities. I believe it was this spirit of camaraderie and fun George O'Day had in mind when he created the Mariner based on the popular Rhodes 19 racer, and the purpose of the Rendezvous was to promote this spirit and give thanks for 50 years of a wonderfully designed boat. Hopefully this event will spawn similar future Mariner gatherings.

In regards to safety, the fact that the crews of all the boats remained safe despite the stormy weather and that only one boat suffered a mishap with the tiller and motor is a true testament to the abilities and construction of the Mariner. A number of people told me later how their confidence in their boats skyrocketed after Friday's ordeal, and they felt they themselves would let the boat down long before the boat ever let them down.

Nathan Bayreuther, the owner of Mariner #1922, *Orion*, and President of the Mariner Class Association, grew up in Niantic, Connecticut, next door to his family's boatyard. Currently living in Wallingford, he is a professional organist and can frequently be found sailing the waters of Long Island Sound in his spare time. He can be reached at bayreuther@sbcglobal.net. For more information, visit mariner1922.com and usmariner.com.

Keels and Wheels

With the BMC – 2013

By Greg Grundtisch

This is the second year the Buffalo Maritime Center has taken part in the annual Keels and Wheels event at the Buffalo Canoe Club in Pt Abino, Ontario. Pt Abino is approximately 12 miles across Lake Erie from Buffalo, New York. This was held on Saturday, August 17. The day was warm and sunny with winds calm, perfect for rowing and paddling but not for sailing. The calm water was good for rides in the *Electra*, the BMC's battery powered launch. Many of the attendees took advantage of the free rides throughout the day on this replica of an 1880s Elco launch. Kayaks, rowboats and a Buffalo River Ferry were made available for use by the Center. A Buffalo River Ferry is a double ended barge type workboat that can be sculled from either end. These boats were used to transport people and products from ship to shore.

This event is put on every year for the Club's members and guests. It is a beautiful facility with attractive grounds and amenities and a beautiful sandy beach. The Canoe club offered food and beverages, a live jazz band, a model boat race, cardboard boat race, swimming and sailing.

The Canoe Club originated in Buffalo, New York. The members would sail over to the Canadian side of the lake and camp for the weekend and have "fun" on the then undeveloped shore, and then sail back. As transportation improved in the area members would take the train and/or ferryboat. The improved conditions allowed for families to camp and eventually a clubhouse was built. It was originally a barge made into a clubhouse. The current clubhouse is a much more modern facility with a bar, dining room, snack bar, showers and restrooms, meeting rooms and offices.

As the day wore on the winds picked up to about 10-12mph for a short while. It was decided that we would take out the *Scajaquada*, the 1880s fishing shallop. This is an Erie Boat (see Howard Chappell's *American Small Sailing Craft*), a type used for commercial fishing from the Erie, Pennsylvania, area east to the Buffalo area. It had an unstayed mast to accommodate nets being set or pulled easier and carried a cat ketch rig with built in gaff topsails. The sailing was fun while it lasted and we got back to the dock as the winds were fading.

A good time was had by all that day, but there was one last sail to be had. I had the good fortune to help sail the *Scajaquada* back to Buffalo. The winds were 10-15 from the southwest, perfect for the return trip. It was a glorious sail! On board were John Montague, Stuart Duncan and myself. We took turns sailing this very special vessel. She's strong and heavy but very graceful. She sails with a smooth gentle ease, albeit with a bit of a weather helm.

The Kids' Race in cardboard boats.



The Maritime Center's boats on the beach: The Buffalo river ferry and kayak right front, in back is the Optimist pram, a Swampscott dory, a CLC sharpie and a Bluejay.

We made the trip in record time. The first two-thirds of the trip was on a beautiful 90 minute broad reach and then a run into the Buffalo Outer Harbor where we were picked up by the BMC director Roger Allen in the boat that would tow us to the dock to clear customs, and then on to Canalside in downtown Buffalo where *Scajaquada* is berthed.

Google the Buffalo Canoe Club for some nice photos of the grounds and history, and also the Buffalo Maritime Center for the latest on what's going on and upcoming events.



The *Electra* at the dock with the *Scajaquada* behind.



Some of the model boats from the model boat race.



Aboard the *Electra*, Steve Krisinski, forward left, was giving tours of Abino Bay and letting passengers take a turn steering the boat.



Sailing *Scajaquada*.



Scajaquada, the flagship boat of the Buffalo Maritime Center, returning to Buffalo harbor, myself forward, Stuart Duncan center and John Montague at the helm.

Small Reach Regatta 2013

By Mike Wick
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

This was my fifth Small Reach Regatta and it was at a new site. *WoodenBoat* magazine sponsored the early gatherings at the Brooklin, ME campus of the WoodenBoat School where we sailed on Eggemogen Reach. Over the last several years the sponsorship passed to the Down East chapter of the TSCA. The last two events occurred at Lemoine State Park near Ellsworth, ME. We sailed around Blue Hill Bay and Mt Desert Island.

This year was an experiment. There was some financial danger for the Audubon station at Hog Island, so we volunteered to rent the site and sail on Muscongus Bay for five days. It was possible to rent rooms in rustic cabins or to camp out. Jean came with me, I considered the possibility of rain, fog and nasty weather and chose to rent a cabin. We were lucky with our weather but the cabin was very pleasant anyway.

The Regatta models itself after the European Raids. The Raids hop from harbor to harbor each night, but we day trip and return to the central campground each night. We ate our meals on Hog Island, on picnic tables in nice weather or inside the dining room in bad weather.

There are entry rules for the boats. No outboards permitted so only rowboats and sail/rowboats that are small enough to be



beached are allowed. There are four support boats to supervise safety when we sail. When the wind fails, they will tow strings of boats (for all the world like ducklings) to keep the galley slaves from getting too discontented.

My first plan was to bring my Haven 12½ *Jackaroo*, but she was judged by the experts to be too deep and too hard to row so I brought my Melonseed *Pepita* instead. Early morning calms meant that I was rowing for two mornings. I was glad I had a lighter boat that rows well, but I did suffer from that ancient mariner's disease "teakseat" after the final row.

Launching and recovering upward of 30 trailer boats is a strenuous activity but a couple of old hands, especially John Edwards and Geoff Kerr, keep everything moving and painless on the first and last days. We anchor our boats at night. The

Small Reach Regatta is quite a commitment for us, it is 500 miles each way by car and food and lodging are an expense, but is perfect for a certain level of owner/builder.

Many of us came from sailing on protected waters, Maine sailing is a sort of graduate school for aficionados. Maine has fog, wind, tide, current, hard rocks and ice. This time of year the ice was in our drinks. The extra difficulties and challenges make the trip worthwhile and keep me coming back.

Of course, the company is outstanding. In the past, Doug Oeller, John Guidera, Phil Maynard and Ron North have sailed with me. Wendy and Peter Byar have sailed their Lowell dinghy during past regattas. This year Bill and Karen Rutherford came along in their Bolger catboat *Cactus Flower*. The Delaware River TSCA chapter maintains its presence, but we would be glad if more joined us.



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Lunenburg and Schooner *Bluenose II*

When Nancy and I revisited Nova Scotia two years ago, we concentrated our stay around Mahone Bay, the “Ocean Playground” of Canada. Yes, you guessed it, I had my sea canoe on the car roof rack and had already planned several day trips between Chester and Lunenburg, around as many of the 365 islands as possible. In 2004 I had only sped through this area on my way around the entire province of Nova Scotia, but now I was going to look into all those enticing side trips one always sees when being on a straight-line trip. I could hardly wait to get there.

My trips were just as exciting as envisioned, each mostly around a dozen islands and several headlands. The weather was great too, as predicted by the Canadian Sailing Directions, the boater’s bible, as well as mine: “During fogs, which are frequent in July and August, the SW shore of Mahone Bay is usually clear with winds west of south.”

I had a ball. But the most significant moment came on our visit to Lunenburg, the old fishing port and home port of the famous schooner *Bluenose* and its replica *Bluenose II*, the icon of Nova Scotia. It even made it onto the Canadian dime, commemorating its many race victories against the schooners from America’s biggest fishing port, Gloucester, Massachusetts. And it so happened, we were able to walk right into the huge construction shed where *Bluenose II* was being rebuilt. At that time it was being re-planked. Nancy and I, in hard-hats, breathed in the pungent wood smell of the heavy oak timbers, and marveled at the seemingly choreographed dance of the many workers doing their specific jobs. And yes, it was very loud without ear-plugs.

The Lunenburg-Gloucester Rivalry

And I thought to myself, how much fun it must have been to sail in those races or at least to watch them from another boat or from shore, like from Peggy’s Cove – and I started reading about it. Both ports (Lunenburg and Gloucester) still celebrate wind-jammer days, parades and open-house on board, but Gloucester, I found out, still hosts schooner races on Labor Day weekend each year, the high point of that old fishing port. Schooners of all sizes from up and down the Atlantic coast gather off Eastern Point, outside the breakwater, for friendly but fiercely competitive races, just like in the heydays of the Grand Banks fishing schooners *Bluenose* and *Esperanto*.

And since I know this area very well from participating in the 22-mile Blackburn Challenge around Cape Ann (the greater Gloucester area, that is) in my solo outrigger canoe for the past 12 years, I now also wanted to be part of the schooner races. There are 3 classes, according to length on deck, the largest schooners over 80’ racing for the *Esperanto* Cup (named for the first winning boat). And I immediately knew which boat I wanted to be on: the 92’ schooner *American Eagle*, built in 1930 in Gloucester, then, since 1984, owned, restored and skippered by John Foss, out of Rockland, Maine.

Meeting Gloucester-built *American Eagle* in Maine Waters

I had met that boat anchored off Stonington, Maine in 2006, when I paddled the newly extended “Maine Island Trail” from Cape Porpoise (near Kennebunkport) to Machias. I stopped, took pictures of the beautifully maintained boat gleaming in the

Schooner *American Eagle* Wins Again

2013 Gloucester Schooner Races

A personal account by Reinhard Zollitsch
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www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

early rays of the rising sun, when suddenly a bucket was lowered over the side, holding a piece of apple pie with a fork – a first in all my thousands of miles of paddling along the shores of New England and the Maritimes. Thanks, Capt. Foss!

I promised the skipper I would sail with him some time. Well, 2013 was finally the right time. Sailing down to the races in Gloucester, Massachusetts from Rockland, Maine also appealed to me: a real trip with a purpose. It would include some offshore and even night sailing, something I could not do in my 17’ solo sea canoe. I then read that Skipper John had won the race 9 times already. Being a competitive boater, I smiled from ear to ear, and could hardly wait to try my best to help win a tenth time for boat and Skipper.

I had sailed on a 45’ schooner across the Atlantic from Camden, Maine to St. Malo, France (as watch captain, in charge of wood and canvas), and in 2011 I sailed on a 75-year old classic 60’ yawl from Antigua, Caribbean diagonally across the Atlantic, to Hamburg, Germany. So I still had my sea legs, and was eager to help the *American Eagle* crew of three whenever I could and was needed.

Off to the Races

On August 28, 2013, at 6:00 p.m., we 26 passengers, each with varied sailing experience, boarded the 92’ schooner. We met Skipper John Foss and deck crew of three competent young men, led by first mate John (another John), as well as cook Andy and his assistant. Nancy came along to see me off and even tried out my tight but cozy little upper bunk in Cabin J. Everything looked just right and just as I had expected. The wood-paneled galley even had an old-fashioned woodstove to cook the meals on, bake bread, muffins and pies, as well as radiate welcome heat on cold, foggy mornings, of which we had quite a number.



Young crew of three on the foredeck.

A-OK in the top bunk.



Early next morning we motored off our dock, set foresail, jib and staysail (which I would have called the “jumbo”) and motor-sailed practically all day, since the wind was light and fluke, and we had to get to Portland, the halfway point to Gloucester. Today’s scenery looked very familiar to me, since I had sailed and paddled this stretch many times before: down Mussel Ridge Channel (spelling according to DeLorme maps, but Muscle Ridge Channel on nautical charts), past Mosquito Head/Port Clyde, inside of Monhegan I., but outside of Seguin I., and finally into Casco Bay via the Whitehead Passage to our anchorage off Peaks/Great Diamond/House Island.



Skipper at the helm.

Two passengers were already so seasick that they requested to be rowed ashore on Peaks I., from whence they would take the ferryboat back to Portland (and then on to their home). They missed a great chicken dinner and strawberry shortcake with whipped cream for dessert. The passengers turned out to be a very jovial, interesting group of people, some couples, some solos, some first-timers, but also several who had sailed on this boat many times before. I had very interesting and varied conversations with almost everyone, had a good time and felt very comfortable, even in our close quarters. Since I normally travel solo on my ocean trips, this was a true vacation: I did not have to make decisions, plot courses, take care of boat, gear, food etc., just be safe, fit in, help out and have fun. Not a bad way to travel!

We motored off anchor at 7:15 a.m., even before breakfast, which was then served on deck off scenic Portland Head Light. After rounding Cape Elizabeth, we more or less straight-lined it to Gloucester. I could barely make out the Isles of Shoals (off Portsmouth, New Hampshire). We were suddenly offshore. It could have been the middle of the Atlantic. Only a few gannets and porpoises reminded us that land was still near by. We were surrounded by a wrap-around horizon. On one hand it felt as if we were the center of an immense universe, on the other hand nothing more than a minute speck in an endless world. A great but also humbling feeling, which always gets to me, when I sail or paddle off shore or in dense fog.

Arrival in Gloucester

Then suddenly the dual lighthouses on Thatcher Island, Cape Ann, appeared in the distance, the abandoned North tower and the still active 166' high South Tower. This is very familiar territory for me, from my 12 annual solo outrigger races around Cape Ann. From here I knew it was 11 more miles to the finish line in Gloucester Harbor, a hard pull, which I, however, never mind, since I seem to do better here than on the first 11 miles. We finally dropped anchor in the outer harbor off Niles Beach and Ten Pound Island, well fortified and happily satiated with a scrumptious dinner of pork loin with applesauce, rolls, salad and fruit, just as the sun was setting in the west with a golden glow. Wow! This schooner fare certainly beats my trip suppers of Bush baked beans, Hormel chili, Dinty Moore beef or chicken stew or canned spaghetti with meatballs.



The passengers helping prep a meal,



...and resting after that meal.

Morris dancers in Gloucester.



It was another foggy night, but right after breakfast Skipper asked whether I would like to try out the sporty looking, red skiff *Roscoe*. It was an absolute joy to row this sleek little boat around the outer anchorage. My cabin mate Roger also had a chance to try it out. After I had signed up on *American Eagle*, and had read Roger's article about the 2012 Blackburn race (see *Messing About in Boats*, Nov. 2012; note: "Ragnar" being Reinhard/me), I had mentioned the schooner race to him. He was one of my fiercest competitors in the Blackburn outrigger class, but I decided to suggest to him that rather than beating up on each other year after year, we should try joining forces and help win one for the "gipper", or better the skipper and schooner *American Eagle*, the most successful schooner in the big-boat class, to make it an even TEN wins for Capt. Foss. A day or two later, Roger signed on, even though we had never even talked to each other before. So now we were sharing a tiny cabin with upper and lower bunks – me in the upper, as usual.

When approaching the Gloucester breakwater, Roger was talking about the Blackburn race, and other passengers asked: "So who won?" I was not going to mention it, but Roger graciously acknowledged that I had now beaten him three years in a row. I have to say, though, that wasn't easy: Roger is nine years younger than I am, and a very experienced, competitive, strong, fast paddler.

After breakfast and weighing anchor, Skipper Foss took his *American Eagle* outside the breakwater to have us all practice for tomorrow's race. The weather was again not the best. There was some rain, some lightning and variable winds, barely up to 10 knots. But we met up with our competition: the slender, high-sided and very fast *Virginia*, who had beaten our boat by a few seconds in the past, while in other years it was the other way around. And then there were the two schooners *Adventure* and *Roseway*, formerly owned and skippered by Jim Sharp, and last but not least, Boston's sluggish looking *Liberty Clipper*. (It was *Adventure*'s first race after a lengthy overhaul in Gloucester, its new homeport, and townspeople were eagerly cheering her on.)

Everybody was watching everybody else. We were speed testing against *Virginia*, who was sporting her topsails and flying jib, neither of which we had. But our mainsail was massive and brand new; so was the foresail. We were able to keep up with our competition and felt good. Then the wind dropped off and we enjoyed a delicious lunch of leftovers, spruced up with an avocado and tomato salad and chocolate brownies.

We motored into the inner harbor and tied up at the Maritime Gloucester dock. Soon thereafter, *Virginia* and *Roseway* tied up alongside. So there was quite some people-traffic on board. On the pier a group of Morris dancers, accompanied by squeeze-box, fife and drums, was showing off their stuff. I listened to a quintet of two guitars, string bass, fiddle and mandolin playing Irish songs and chanteys in the style of the Irish Rovers of the seventies, while people were enjoying a lobster meal on the grassy slopes of the park across the street. I then walked as far as the Fisherman's Memorial at the harbor promenade, and, returning to the boat, just caught a glimpse of Skipper rowing off in the little red dinghy with a big galvanized tub to fetch lobsters for tonight's pre-race dinner.

While I am normally a modest eater and always stop after one lobster, this time I did not. There also was some wine on board which washed down the seafood just fine, leaving just enough room for blueberry pie for dessert. Nice energy and motivation to do well in the race tomorrow, I thought to myself, as we joined chanter singer Peter Souza, harmonizing, when we did not know the words. Then the parade of lights (smaller boats) passed by us, and a tad later we all enjoyed significant fireworks, which were set off from a barge off the promenade. A memorable evening indeed. The night was loud, but ear-plugs took care of excessive noise, and I soon dozed off.

Schooner Parade and the Race

In the morning we had to wait for guests to board the *Roseway* and *Virginia* as well as our schooner, before we could shove off and join the boat parade past the Fisherman's Memorial at the flag-studded promenade. Motors kept most of the schooners and other sailboats in check. There were smaller sailboats and motorboats galore, but also a pod of old-fashioned fishing dories filled with eager, brightly clad young Gloucester rowers, as well as several traditional 6-8 person rowing gigs and a myriad of sea kayaks. The press was out in their own boat, sporting high-powered telephoto lenses, and describing the event in very important-sounding Tom-Brokaw-like voices.

Being one of the five biggest schooners, which do not turn too well in tight spaces, we soon headed out to the starting line, where at 1:00 p.m. sharp the first gun went off: 10 minutes to the start. The wind was still light, about 10 knots, but our skipper managed to position *American Eagle* next to the committee boat on the starboard

Skipper fetching lobsters for our pre-race feast.





Off to the parade.

end of the starting line so that we would sail off on starboard and have right of way over the entire fleet of 19 schooners. The timing was perfect for a big boat in light winds. Well done, Skipper! I also felt the new wind was coming in over starboard. So I definitely felt this was the right tack to take. After 30 minutes, though, the wind shifted to port and favored *Adventure*, *Virginia* and *Roseway*. *Liberty Clipper* was completely out of the race, since it just did not have the speed like the rest of the boats.

The medium-sized schooner *Adirondack* rounded the mark first. We were close behind. *Virginia* overtook the mark by a long shot and lost the race right there, as I saw it, allowing *Adventure* to pass her. From the turning mark it was almost a dead downwind hitch to the finish line. To my surprise, most schooners sailed wung out, i.e. they had one boom to port and one to starboard, allowing jib and jumbo/staysail to luff in the wind shadow behind those huge sails. After having recently raced on my son's fast trimaran, I would have thought that tacking downwind, allowing all sails to draw fully, would have been faster. But what do I know?

It did not matter, as long as we stayed ahead of *Adventure* and our arch-rival *Virginia*. *Roseway* looked pretty with her russet sails, but only came in fourth. The town of Gloucester was elated to see their schooner *Adventure* come in a close second, only 3:42 minutes behind us, and beating *Virginia* by a scant 34 seconds. *Adventure* was well sailed, and I wondered whether its former skipper Jim Sharp was on board as an adviser – which he was, as I found out at the awards ceremony. I congratulated him, as I knew him from his Camden days. And, yes, this wonderful, wild and very skilled skipper did put in his two cents worth. (Check him out in his book: *With Wild Abandon*, a title characterizing him to a T. By the way, Capt. Sharp also was John Foss's mentor and first boss on this very windjammer, the *Adventure*).

Following an old but harsh sailing tradition, our first-mate John hoisted a broom to the top of the mast, suggesting this boat swept the entire field – well, at least the large schooner class (over 80'), in the Esperanto Cup race. However, line honors were earned by the small schooner (19'-45') *Tillicum 1*, closely followed by the two medium-sized schooners (45'-80') *Tyrone* and *Brilliant*. We came in fourth overall.

Loud, hearty "Hip-hip-hurrahs" were shouted across the waters, and singers Peter and his wife Audi (who had joined us on board for the race) got us started again sing-



Virginia, *Roseway* & *Adventure* during the parade of sails.



Young dory-rowers at the parade.



Hoisting the broom.



Skipper John Foss accepting the Esperanto Trophy.

ing chanteys on our way back into the inner harbor. It was a very joyful time, none more so than for Skipper John Foss who had herewith won his tenth race with his boat, the

American Eagle. What a feat! And everybody on board was very proud of him and his boat. I know I was.

Supper, including libations, was served on shore under a big tent on the Maritime Gloucester pier. Skippers and crew were exchanging their stories of how the race went. Everybody was then very jovial and gracious, accepting their respective trophy with a short speech.

Homeward Bound

But for us, the celebration ended right here. We went back on board and got ready for a night sail "downeast", back to Rockland, Maine. Yes, it was here that the term "downeast" originated. Boston schooners would often sail "downwind" (wind from behind) before a prevailing SW wind, in a northeasterly direction. If you then add the almost 20° variation to your compass course, you would end up steering almost due east on your compass, therefore the term "downeast", down wind to the east.

Roger and I hit our bunks almost immediately, since we had signed up for the 2:00-4:00 a.m. night bow-watch. It was foggy, real foggy, and the sky was full of heat lightning, as we strained our eyes and ears to make out other boats. We were about 23 miles offshore, off the Isles of Shoals, as we came on deck. The wind came out of the NE, and the sea was very lumpy and confused at first, eventually straightening out in the new NE wind. We stuck the long bowsprit in the water as our trusty engine, fore and staysail pushed us along at our usual 6-7 knot speed, but we soon reduced speed to 4.5 knots for a gentler ride.

We heard or saw no other boat, encountered no iceberg either, as I jokingly added to our report when the next watch came on deck. We eventually ducked behind Allen Island into Davis Strait and straight past picturesque Marshall Point Light into Port Clyde, still in thick fog. We dropped anchor near the ferry dock to Monhegan Island. Then the rains came down. We had a subdued lunch under extra awnings on deck or the galley below,



Foggy anchorage in Port Clyde, ME.

and when the rain finally stopped, we rowed ashore in our big 11-person rowboat.

I went too, but there was absolutely nothing for me to do or see in Port Clyde, other than watch the ferry boat leave, and stroll through the only store in town, which also has a food counter and bar, as well as a large picture gallery upstairs. I looked at various Winslow Homer pictures, especially one entitled "Gloucester Schooners", and paintings by Andrew Wyeth, the other famous painter from this neck of the woods. However, I had to tell the clerk that the title of one picture was "Christine's World" and not "Christine World" as the label indicated. The rain and fog were finally getting to me; I felt a bit irritated and

punchy, and could not wait to get back on board for a hot cup of coffee, some reading and jotting down notes, bringing my trip log up to date. A grand supper of roast beef and hand-cranked ice cream lifted everybody's spirits. Thanks, Andy! I needed that.

It was another cold, rainy and foggy night, but we were off again before breakfast. We felt our way around Mosquito Island and into Mussel/Muscle Ridge Channel towards Owl's Head Light, where we cut engine and had breakfast on deck. We had planned to dock back in Rockland at 10:30 a.m. (and we did). I had called Nancy on my vintage 2001 (or older? Since I bought it refurbished) Iridium satellite phone, which crew and guests facetiously/humorously called my "shoe-phone", as in the 1960s TV series "Get Smart". (Well, it may look almost as big as a shoe to modern cell-phone users, but hey, it still works.) And there she was on the dock in Rockland: Nancy, even with our son Lee, to greet us and check out the winning boat.

End of Trip

Then suddenly everything went very fast. We took a group picture, packed our things, exchanged addresses, shook hands all around, and in no time the boat and even the dock were empty. The crew picked up our bags of dirty linen, collected the trash, pumped out the holding tank, and already started working for the next trip, a shorter 4-day loop around Penobscot Bay, starting tomorrow morning.

While I was telling Nancy and Lee about our trip to Gloucester and the race, on our way home to Orono, it slowly dawned

on me what a significant trip it had been. OK, the weather could have been better, the wind a bit stronger for the race, but those are factors one cannot change. All in all, it was a very memorable and successful 7-day trip on an old, classic 83-year old 92' fishing schooner, which had just won its tenth Esperanto Cup race in its birthplace, Gloucester, the oldest fishing port in the USA. I was pleased and proud to have been part of it.

"Hip-hip-hurray to the *American Eagle* and her Skipper!"

Trip over.



The 92' Schooner *American Eagle* was launched in 1930 as the *Andrew & Rosalie*, the last fishing schooner built in Gloucester. She was renamed *American Eagle* in 1941. She made her last fishing trip in 1983 and was then sold to Capt. John Foss and towed to Rockland, Maine for rebuilding as a vacation windjammer for 26 passengers and a crew of 6, including skipper. After a complete rebuild, she was re-launched in 1986 and has since sailed mostly in Maine waters, but also participated in numerous Opsail events in New York, Boston and Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, Canada. In 1991 she was designated a National Historic Landmark.

The trip down to her "birthplace", Gloucester, for the traditional Labor Day schooner festival and races, has become a long-standing tradition and the highlight of each sailing summer. This year's win in the big boat class, the Esperanto Cup Race, was the *American Eagle*'s tenth win for boat and Skipper John Foss.

Notes

For more info on boat and trip schedule, check out: www.schooneramericaneagle.com

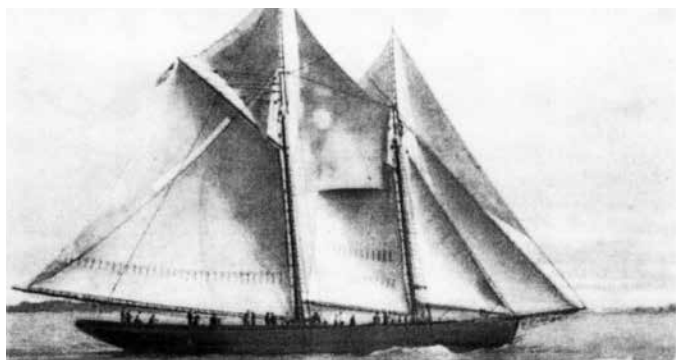
The Esperanto Cup Race was named after the 107' schooner *Esperanto*. She was designed by Boston's famous naval architect Tom McManus and built in Essex, Massachusetts in 1906. She was named for the international language Esperanto, an "easy to learn, political neutral language that would transcend nationality and foster peace and international understanding," according to my Wikipedia source. It is based on L.L. Zamenhof's 1887 book *Unua Libro*.

In 1920, America's *Esperanto* was the first winner in the International Fishing Vessel Championship, a match-race of sorts (like the America's Cup Races) between the boats of the two greatest fishing ports in the United States and Canada: Gloucester and Lunenburg. *Delaware*'s loss in this first race prompted Canada to design and build the

famous *Bluenose*. However, just months after *Esperanto*'s win, she struck the wreck of the schooner *State of Virginia* (have I also heard that name before?) off Sable Island, Nova Scotia and sank. So in 1921 *Esperanto* obviously could not defend her title, and the brand new 143' *Bluenose* trounced the Gloucester boat *Elsie* and many more great Grand Banks schooners out of Gloucester thereafter.

But *Esperanto*'s fame of being the first winner of that series lives on today, as we have just experienced. Maybe some day the newly refurbished *Bluenose II* will find her way back down to Gloucester and revive the old rivalry. It is never too late. What a sight that would be! If that ever happens, I will certainly be back on *American Eagle*, pulling, tweaking and cajoling our dear old Maine windjammer on to yet another victory, because she might need it against the newly rebuilt speedster *Bluenose II*. :)

'Til then, happy sailing, my friends. Be safe, stay out of trouble and enjoy.





Spring line cleated. Single up the stern line and climb aboard. The raft up complete, we are 11 small boats that yearly spend three days on the Chesapeake on what has become known as the Male Bonding Float. It is not gender inclusive, nonetheless a lot of fun and challenging. Yes, we sail, eat, sleep, drink, etc., on traditional small sailing craft 13'-22' overall length.

We eagerly gather on the center boat of the raft, *Comfort*, a 15' Marsh Cat. Cap'n Doug offers all a Yuengling or Dewars. Ten of us gather. He is the one with the jolly laugh and anchor tattoo on his calf. A veterinarian by trade, he is also known for bringing his wife Meg's killer cookies. We eat these philosophically at first. Our excuse, life is short. Then smoked oysters, homemade bread, sharp cheese and triscuits are shared as well as stories of the afternoon sail up the Patuxent to a pristine sandy beach.

From upwind in the distance we spy a catboat, like a mirage in the mist, slowly motoring toward us. Spars are bare. There is silence for a moment. The faded green hulled Sandpiper circles around, recognizes Obadiah and shouts, "is Pete Peters here?" I hesitate to answer, then shout out. Steve Fiesner, who lives and monitors the boats sailing on St Lenard Creek, is welcomed aboard.

Steve is an active member of Chesapeake Catboat Association, so our flotilla was like a porch light to the moth. Stories begin. The Patuxent Shoot Out, upcoming Choptank Sail and, of course, a Mystic 20 for sale. What a sailman. Tempted, Cap'n Doug replies, "We'll get back to you" (after I speak with my wife, he whispers). Perhaps selling the stress producing Triumph motorcycle could be a bargaining ploy with his "understanding" wife Meg (outcome to follow).

A bit later, Cap'n Fiesner cautiously and optimistically disembarks and offers showers and use of the head at his house not far down the creek. Both will be graciously accepted in the morning. For some in the fleet, Old

On the Chesapeake Bay A Float and a Visitor

By Pete Peters
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

Spice deodorant and WAGS Bags will suffice. For others, none of the above. For them, the aroma of the sea, tarred lines and themselves are part of the Float.

Pot stickers from Trader Joe's and yesterday's pork lo mien share my Kenyon butane stove. A hint of clam chowder, a sub from WaWa, hot dogs and beans, canned herring and a chicken rice dish gently waft downwind in a cloud of tempting yet conflicting aromas. There will be no rotten meat nor weavely bread tonight.

Aboard *Little T*, another Joel White design Marsh Cat, Cap'n McDonald gives lessons on his laptop. On a small PC he has downloaded OpenCPN <http://opencpn.org/ocpn/> and NOAA charts: <http://www.charts.noaa.gov/interactiveCatalog/ncgd.shtml>, both for free. Tomorrow he will note we sailed 55 miles in three days and reveal our not so efficient zig-zag tacking skills. Priceless.

Cap'n McDonald and mate Mike Wick have won fame and respect from their peers for sailing *Little T* from Key West to the Dry Tortugas, not once but twice. There is talk *Little T* and *Obadiah* will sail to the Marquesas in Spring 2014 (after I speak with my understanding wife).

Aboard *Obadiah*, the crew and captains gather for stories, song and music. Pete Doyle, crew on *Obadiah*, plays fiddle as cigars and pipes glow. Old sea favorites Fischer's Hornpipe and Swallowtail Jig begin the gam. Cap'n Doug joins with some songs of dilapidated

schooners and old whaler men. Or perhaps it was dilapidated whaler men and old schooners? Cap'n Kevin Brennen joins in on penny whistle, "Dennis Murphy's and Shenandoah Falls." He sails a Navigator ketch, *Slipjig*. Many a quiet, light "Aire" afternoon he can be heard playing while handling sails and tiller.

Just at dusk, the noseums wake up, the raft disperses and the captains seek out separate anchorages in order to catch the evening breeze. George Surgent sails off in his Crotch Island Pinky. After pumping the bilge, likewise does Cap'n Mike Wick in *Jackeroo*, a newly acquired Haven 12½ (nicknamed *Pumperoo*). Cap'n Paul Skalka sneaks off in the little sister to the Joel White designed Marsh Cats. She is a Handy Cat named *Red Molly*. She was built years ago from the original mold at Cape Dory Marine, Hull # 148.

Seven Stars, a design engineered and built by owner Cap'n Ron Gibbs, rows away and readies the anchor light. And Ken Tweed, who captains the token 17' fiberglass day-sailer in the fleet, motors away using a 2hp Honda 4-stroke, "the small boater's friend." Each year we threaten to glue simulated wood contact paper to his hull.


Eye in Hand is the name of Barry Long's photography gallery. He has documented most of this trip which can be viewed at: www.EyeInHand.com. He sails a beautifully crafted melonseed, *Arion*. Last year he won best of traditional design at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Tomorrow a photo shoot is planned for a soon-to-be written article, "Catboats, Variation on a Theme," by Cap'n Doug Oeller. It will feature the Marsh Cats.

With the raucous hum of the 17 year cicas everywhere, we have a new visitor. He alights on our foredeck, seemingly a bit lost. My first mate and I debate if this insect is male or female. Well, this is the Male Bonding Float after all. He clumsily takes off and we hope he does not become one of the hundreds of struggling and drowned ones around the boat. We wish him luck as he, like an optimistic freshman college student, seeks out a partner for the night.

We realize the inflatable Permaest cannot compete with Sealy mattresses and that all of us snore.

Maybe we can talk Mystic 20 in the morning.

A video by Kevin Brennen of "The Float 2013" can be viewed at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=onWpFQPSGweo&feature=c4-overview&list=UUTollzvrpWnpgg24n71W2zg>



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Patuxent Float

Photos by Barry Long



I am blessed to live in northwestern Florida about 150 yards south of the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) so I get to see the whole world go by. About 150 yards to the south of me is the local county launching ramp. The antics observed there would more than fill this publication.

In March 2009 I launched *Magic*, a Rescue Minor designed by William Atkin in November 1942 as a shallow water (6" draft) rescue boat for the military. I installed a Yanmar 3-GM 20 (20hp) with a 2.83:1 gear.

Atkin designed these boats to turn a 10" prop, but knowing that with that gear I needed to turn a larger prop, I enlarged the tunnel 1-1/2" where the prop is and faired it back to the designed opening at the transom. So *Magic* has a 13" prop installed and it works just fine. One of the prop software programs I used calculated that she has 550lbs of bollard pull with this engine and gear. Not exactly a towboat but she can do a lot if you know what you are doing.

One day last year, I was down on the dock working on my Willard 30 and observed what turned out to be a 34' sailing vessel that was eastbound, named *Last Dance*, run hard aground on the south side of the ICW. Since it was about time for lunch I decided that I would wait until after lunch to go see about them.

When I came back out after lunch there was a 65' Hatteras Sport Fisherman, similar to the one that the fishing chick next door neighbor owns, backed up to *Last Dance* with a line tied to the bow and another line to the stern. Now my neighbor's boat has twin 2,750hp turbo charged V-12s (I think all she

Another Magic Rescue

By Capt Dan



needs would be 500hp but the extra 5,000 horses are required to haul her ego).

I really don't know what engines this guy had in his Hatteras but he was up in the tower and he rared down on them and smoke came rolling out of the exhaust and the water was boiling and foaming and the noise could be heard for miles. All this and *Last Dance* leaned over to about a 45° angle and stayed there. My thought was he is going to break the keel trying to pull that boat straight sideways. They were hard aground in gumbo mud. When he pulled back on the power, *Last Dance* slowly stood back up. In a few

minutes the Hatteras threw off his lines and continued on towards the west.

Magic was hanging in the lift in the boathouse so I hit the down button, lit the little Yanmar and idled out to *Last Dance*. When I got to within hailing distance, I said, "Ya'll want me to get you off?" One of the guys said, "That big boat just ..." but before he could finish I interrupted, "I saw all that mess, do ya'll want me to get you off?" There were two couples on board and the other guy said, "We called TowBoat US and they are going to send someone." So I said, "OK, fine, the tide is falling and by the time Don G. gets here from Niceville it will be low tide but this isn't a bad place to spend the night."

So I throttled *Magic* up and came all the way around them and started back in the bayou when one of them yelled, "What can you do?" I turned *Magic* around and said, "I will get you off if you want me to." So he said, "What do you want us to do?" I said, "Give me a line off your starboard stern." He then said, "But the deep water is..." Again I interrupted before he could finish, "I know where the deep water is, just give me the line, then I am going up under the bow and I want you to drop two fenders down between the boats."

They did as instructed and then I told them to throttle up to full power and turn hard left when I throttled up. They did and in less than a minute *Last Dance* turned 90° and was floating in 13' of water in the ICW.

I threw off their line and one of the them said, "How many horsepower is that?" "20" said me. "How did you do that?" Said he.

"It's *Magic*," said me.

Magic is for sale by owner...

The bayou where I live in the Florida Panhandle is a close knit community made up largely of the descendants of saw millers, turpentiners, boat builders, commercial fishermen, moonshiners and other such social outcasts. A fellow named Bob from South Carolina bought the house next door, got a six pack license, a website and a 23' Cape Horn with a 225hp Yamaha 4-stroke. For a while I called him www.fishingwithbob.com. He quickly learned the area and was a real good fishing guide.

Bob also dabbled in real estate and had a friend from Tennessee who owned several houses on the beach near here. The friend told Bob that if he ever wanted to sell his house to let him know. Well, just before the housing bubble burst, Bob called this guy, who evidently was a movie rental tycoon in Nashville (before Al Gore invented the internet that destroyed his empire), and told him he just listed his house. The guy said how much and Bob told him \$1.1 million to which Mr Movie Rental Tycoon replied, "OK, but I want your boat." Bob later told me he was flabbergasted.

Since the deal was all cash, two or three weeks later Bob was packing to leave and let me know that he told Mr Tycoon that since he didn't know a thing about boats he should see Capt Dan next door and have him show him how to operate the boat in the area. That never happened. After Bob left, Mr Tycoon came flying down the street one day (speed limit 15mph) in his shiny new Range Rover SUV and one of other neighbors, a retired Air

Some People Should Not Own a Boat

By Capt. Dan

Force Colonel (one of the nicest people you would ever meet). went to see him and said "Sir, the speed limit on this street is 15mph and there are a lot of small children playing in the neighborhood."

Mr Tycoon flew into a rage cursing and screaming that he was going to call the sheriff and have the Colonel arrested for trespassing! In case you were not paying close attention, I stated earlier we are a close knit community and thus it came to pass the following Saturday evening we had a neighborhood fish fry and bonfire. Of course, Mr Tycoon failed to get an invitation but was the topic of the conversation.

Then, the following week one of my neighbors was helping me down on one of the boats when we saw Mr Tycoon come out of his house, climb up in the Cape Horn and start the 225 Yamaha UPON THE LIFT, OUT OF THE WATER. My neighbor said, "This ought to be interesting!" So we both took a seat on the bench I have on the dock made from treated 2"x12" lumber. Mr Tycoon then climbed out of the boat and walked back to the house, leaving the engine running. In a minute or so my neighbor said, "There goes the alarm!"

"Yeah, I hear it," I replied. Soon Mr Tycoon emerged from the house and came quickly down the dock (alarm screaming). By now the motor is smoking and knocking. He climbed back into the boat, threw both hands up in the air, looking left and right at the console when the motor exploded with a boom and smoke came pouring out from under the cowling. I said, "Well that was entertaining."

My neighbor said, "If he wasn't such a jerk that never would have happened."

I thought that was the end of the day's entertainment, but it wasn't. A few hours later I heard a loud crash on the lot between our houses and saw Mr Tycoon had hooked that Range Rover up to the nice tandem axle aluminum trailer with the diamond plate fenders and had tried to go between two large pine trees. Well, duh. The SUV went between them but both fenders on the wide trailer hit the trees and caved them into the tires. Next I saw him out there with a shovel trying to pry the fenders out of the tires. It was so, so hard not to laugh! Later that same afternoon he somehow managed to get the boat to the ramp (nobody would tow him) and hauled the Cape Horn out of the water, never to be seen again.

That, however, is not the end of the story. A few years later when his movie rental empire collapsed and he could not sell the house, he rented it. The renter discovered that the boat lift had been left down in the water for years and was covered in barnacles and would not operate. OH MY...

Some people should not own a boat!

Annapolis sailor researchers Matt Rutherford and Nicole Trenholm on August 15 completed an expedition to one of the most remote regions of the Atlantic Ocean to study the far reaching effects of plastic marine debris in the world's oceans.

The trip, aboard the 42' steel schooner *Ault*, lasted 80 days and covered approximately 6,800 nautical miles, interrupted with a critical engine repair stop in Bermuda. The team endured 73 of the 80 days out of sight of land, 26 of these days were spent completing a marine plastic survey of an area nearly the size of the state of Texas. They towed a 15' long aluminum trawl net to collect microplastics congregating in a massive swirl of circulating currents called the Sargasso Sea or North Atlantic Sea Gyre and deployed ten climate observation drifters both to and from the survey site.

Mission success and a safe return was almost jeopardized when the team attempted to salvage and tow the largest sample of marine plastic debris found during the expedition, an abandoned fiberglass sailing yacht, and after a daring fuel retrieval operation from a passing cargo ship inevitably resulted in an unresponsive engine.

Rutherford, founder of the Ocean Research Project, the organization that along with 5 Gyres supported the expedition, and Trenholm, the science program director, are using the debris and data they collected to assist scholars and researchers who will help shed light on the growing problem of marine debris.

Rutherford and Trenholm surveyed more than 2,500 nautical miles of ocean, collecting 40 marine debris samples contained in 50ml bottles. While the debris and data they collected will undergo further study at the Baltimore Underground Science Space and the University of Tokyo's Pellet Watch Program, the Ocean Research Project's initial assessment of the expedition's findings make it clear, humans are having a major impact on the most remote, wildest stretches of the Atlantic.

"Marine debris is tiny, but the problem is much bigger than people realize," said Rutherford, 32, who in 2012 was the first person to complete a solo, nonstop circumnavigation of the Americas. "We all need to think about where our trash ends up. The fact is that countless tons of plastics and other marine debris end up in the middle of our oceans. Over time it all breaks up into tiny, microscopic pieces. This kills sea life and fouls what would otherwise be a pristine ocean wilderness. The trip was an eye opening experience, but there's a lot we can all do at home to help our oceans."

In addition to collecting and studying marine debris, data on sea life, weather and climate conditions were monitored for Dalhousie University's Ocean Tracking Network, based in Nova Scotia, Canada, as well as for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's (NOAA's) voluntary observing ship program and global drifter program.

Trenholm, 27, a former NOAA contracted scientist, said that we are filling in some gaps as to how much plastic is out there, what toxins are absorbed within the debris and what diversity of microbes exist amongst the plastics. Our ocean research operation objective is to collect data and make it available to be interpreted in more ways than one.

"Plastics at sea are wreaking widespread havoc on all parties of the food chain and threaten marine and human livelihood,"

Marine Debris Big Problem in Atlantic Ocean

Trenholm said. Plastic is being washed downstream and coming from places where a poor waste management program is in place or nonexistent.

While most of the research took place on the open ocean, some of it happened closer to the vessel's homeport. After arriving in Virginia Beach, Virginia, on August 15, the expedition turned northward to conduct another marine plastic debris research study enroute to Ocean Research Project headquarters in Annapolis. This additional voyage surveyed the Chesapeake Bay, an estuary that faces various threats to its fragile ecosystem. That research focused on the mouths of rivers like the Elizabeth, James, York, Rappahannock, Potomac and the Patuxent Rivers.

"Bringing it all back home to the Chesapeake Bay is important to the Ocean Research Project," Rutherford said. "We're based on the Bay. We know the Bay. We love the Bay. But just like the ocean, the Chesapeake needs to be studied and protected."

The expedition marked the successful first voyage for the Ocean Research Project, a nonprofit founded in 2012. Additional voyages are planned to the Arctic Ocean and to the Pacific Garbage Patch and the Ocean Research Project is searching for funding.

"There's a lot more we as an organization want to do," Rutherford said. "This is a frugally sustainable approach to ocean science data collection and we are addressing ocean research topics that may encourage society to consider the benefits of becoming more environmentally conscious."

In addition to conducting research, Rutherford and Trenholm skirted developing storms, experienced long stretches of calm with weeks of wind so light they barely made any progress and recovered from jellyfish stings. They them-

selves became marine debris, subject to moving deeper into the ocean with the gyre's currents until winds could fill their sails and they could finish their expedition.

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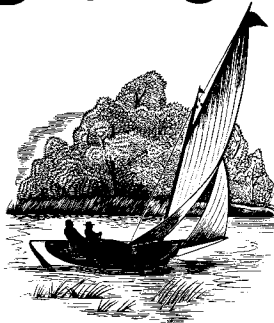
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Well, I'm happy to say that getting out on the water is becoming almost routine for *Ellie-Xander* and her people. This does not mean it's become boring or uninteresting. I think we can spend a lot of time in this boat, on St Mary's Bay before anything remotely like boredom sets in.

"Routine" is meant to suggest that we've been blessed with beautiful fall weather, especially on the weekends (always important to people who are still working stiff). So, the boat's been out almost every weekend since the last Chronicle was written.

Back on August 15, seems like a long time ago, as I write this September 21, my sister came up from Maine for a short vacation. Needless to say, a trip on the Bay was high on her list of Things To Do while in Nova Scotia. We got to it the next day. Wind and tide were happily in alignment. "Alignment" in this context means we could start off to windward, like the books say we're supposed to, and if the wind failed during the return trip, we would have a favorable stream for the row home.

With the wind blowing dead out of the southwest, we cast off lines, smartly hoisted the mainsail and roared out the mouth of the marina like an old time pilot boat racing towards a paying job. We went all the way out to the green buoy on a broad reach, then started off to windward along the shore. Rather than failing, the wind started comin' on. And on. And on!

I have to make an embarrassing admission here, as skipper I don't get high marks for my skill at estimating wind speed. I can never remember all the gradations of the Beaufort scale, memory not being my long suit at the best of times. Same for those other rule of thumb things about flags, trees, sea state, etc...

Canadian comic Lorne Elliot once went out in a small sailboat off the North Shore of Prince Edward Island. He had called the weather station to enquire about the wind conditions and was told there was "a stiff breeze." Once out in the boat, he concluded that there must be a length of chain hanging outside the weather station. When that chain was parallel to the water, it was a stiff breeze. But I digress.

My personal wind scale runs something like this. Where's the jib? (Equivalent to Beaufort 1): Filling the mug with tea and munching on cookies is an uneventful, but pleasant, part of the voyage. (Beaufort 2): Filling the mug with tea and munching on cookies is a doable but very busy evolution. (Beaufort 3): Filling the mug with tea and munching on cookies is not an option. (Beaufort 4): Sure am glad I had that reef put in the mainsail. (Beaufort 5): Get that reef in NOW!!! (Beaufort 6): Why in hell didn't I stay home and stack firewood? (Beaufort 7): You can subtract one level if there is crew on board and subtract one and a half levels if the crew is experienced and reliable. My sister Cheryl would only subtract one level.

That said, after about an hour the wind was up to "Sure am glad I had that reef put in the mainsail." Not quite alarming, but certainly enough to keep the helmsman focused. Then we caught a real gust. *Ellie-Xander* will round up smartly if she catches a snootful of wind, especially if we ease the tiller a bit. This is what we want our boat to do and much to be preferred to capsizing.

On a bathwater warm lake, capsizes are all part of the fun. In water as cold as that in

St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 10 What a Sweet Boat!

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

St Mary's Bay, even in August, capsizes are an invitation to misery, hypothermia or worse if we don't get righted and bailed out within five to 15 minutes.

So when that big gust hit and I eased the tiller, Cheryl having long since lost interest in steering, *Ellie-Xander* did what she was supposed to do. However, she slewed around with so much enthusiasm I thought, for three seconds, that she was actually going to drive her lee quarter under and flood the cockpit. This suggested that the wind-scale up to "Get that reef in now!!!"

Happily we were fairly close to the big wharf and, as it was getting on to low tide, there was a long lee extending out over the water. We made for it with all dispatch. Given how it was blowing, all dispatch was hull speed and then some from the sound and appearance of it.

As we approached the wharf, that lee became a rolling back eddy from the wind spilling over the top. (Only 18" of the 20' mast was sticking up above the top of the wharf, I discovered later.) I let that back eddy draw us in, ever so gently, to the face of the wharf. We tied off to the rungs of one of the built in ladders and I tucked in the reef.

While I did that, Cheryl sat in awe and wonder at the psychedelic display of semi-aquatic vegetation covering the face of the wharf. It wasn't something I'd ever taken note of myself, but when she pointed it out I had to agree that it was beautiful. Every shade of green we could imagine displayed in a random mosaic with other highlights, barnacles, rusty iron, creosoted wood, thrown in here and there. Wow.

Back to business. I confess to having been curious, and a bit apprehensive, about how *Ellie-Xander* would behave with that reef tied in. Reefing is not something we do for the enjoyment of it, it's a necessary coping strategy when the wind decides to blow harder than we would have preferred.

Also, the C&L 16 was not designed to give 70 year old skippers and middle age plus passengers a relaxed day on the water. It was designed to give a couple of athletic teenagers a strenuous workout in round the buoys racing. One of the options that can be ordered for this boat is a trapeze! Let me repeat that, a trapeze! When I think trapeze, I'm usually thinking Barnum & Bailey, not recreational sailing.

So the C&L's mainsail was not designed and built with a row of reef points in it. Shortening sail, when racing a 16, means taking the spinnaker off, not reefing the main. (Yes, a spinnaker is an optional accessory.) So I was curious to see how the sail would set and the boat would perform. We unhitched, pushed off, caught some wind coming around the corner of the wharf and tore off on a broad reach. The set of the sail was not ideal, though it looked as if it could be improved with some adjustment of the reef points. Alas, this was not something I could attend to while steering. I decided to live with it.

Nevertheless, she handled well enough. Well enough that I decided to poke her out beyond the breakwater again. Wrong move. The wind had continued to build and was pushing up an impressive sea against the outgoing tide. Getting back behind the big wharf looked like a more sensible way to end the afternoon.

Alas, one casualty of that last evolution was my go to hell hat. I'd had that straw hat for almost ten years. That's the longest I've ever managed to keep, in useable condition, a straw hat. As the saying goes, they don't make 'em like that anymore. I had originally chosen it because a dermatologist told me that I have to be careful about the sun, or more specifically its UV radiation. I have skin cells that are susceptible to nasty mutations if subjected to too much UV. That hat was a great sunshade and, because of the open weave, cool on the hottest day as well.

I decided to use it on the boat because of something I read years ago in John Atkins' *Of Yachts And Men* to the effect that, "There are two things that should never be on a pleasure boat, umbrellas and naval hats." I knew it was a risk to wear it on the boat and it had already gone over the side once. That was the day I was out with Mary the Sailing Tigress. (See Chronicle No 9.) We conducted a man overboard drill, with Mary at the helm, and retrieved the hat. That time. This time I said a fond farewell to the straw lid. Under the prevailing conditions, hat overboard did not have the urgency of man overboard.

Back in the little bay that I have mentioned several times in previous Chronicles, the sailing was still brisk but less enervating. We kept her out for another half hour, then decided to head in. As mentioned earlier, the wind was from the southwest. That meant it was howling though the marina entrance. Trying to sail in, then getting the sail down and the oars shipped before being dragged into the side of another boat didn't look like a workable proposition.

So we parked alongside the big wharf again, got the sail properly stowed, got the boom cocked up with my improvised topping lift (the main halyard shackled to the out haul), rigged the oars, cast off and I took a few deep breaths to get the muscles oxygenized for what I knew was going to be a hard pull through the entrance to the harbor.

Well, it was a hard pull alright, but alas, not through the entrance to the harbor. As soon as we cleared the end of the wharf and caught the breeze funneling through the slot we were stopped dead, briefly, then shoved determinedly backwards. The windage of the mast and stays was responding to far more horsepower than I could generate with the oars.

We crabbed across to the breakwater side of the entrance, hoping to find a bit of a lee. I managed to gain about 50' in the right direction, then we were swept right back out again. So we crabbed back across to the wharf, caught the backwind and coozied up to the psychedelic vegetation display. Once secured to the wharf, I broke out the tea and cookies. No problem ever looks as bad while we're having a snack. Later, I clambered up the ladder to the top of the wharf to see if any options presented themselves from that perspective. None did.

If it were a simple matter of leaving her there and coming back in the morning, that's what we'd have done. However, in about four hours that 15' high wall of vegeta-

tion would be submerged by the rising tide. Given that my mooring lines were made up for a floating dock, I'd have had to rig up some freakishly long mooring lines to allow the boat to survive two or three tide cycles. Or I'd have had to simply stay at the marina, probably right on the boat, and adjust the lines every half hour.

Doing that until the wind moderated, with no idea when that might happen, was not an appealing idea and not the way I wanted cause my sister to squander her precious vacation time. We did sit, and snack, for about 45 minutes by which time my impatience was reaching the bursting point and I noticed that there were occasional not quite lulls in the wind. I decided it was time to try again.

We slid up to the end of the wharf. I tried to get a sense of when the wind might ease a bit. I tried, to no avail. So I just took a blind stab. As the saying goes, I'd rather be lucky than good. I caught a brief lull and managed to drag *Ellie-Xander* through that slot where the venturi effect amplifies the wind speed. I knew I was going to have some sore shoulder muscles the following morning, but we were finally inside and the rest of the berthing, stowing and tidying up was uneventful.

And now I know, the reef works. *Ellie-Xander* sails just fine with the reef tied in. However, add another item to the post haulout To Do list, rig a dedicated topping lift. Who thought it would be a good idea not to have a topping lift? It's not even one the optional accessories. I guess this is what one gets when buying a boat meant "...to give a couple of athletic teenagers a strenuous workout."

The following weekend, at long last, the First Mate finally made it for her first cruise of the rapidly diminishing season. The wind was light but steady. I had thought about hanking on the jib, but decided not to push my luck. The First Mate, at present, owes her position to factors other than accumulated sea time. Going out in the boat is supposed to be about relaxing on the water and enjoying the smells and the scenery. It is not supposed to be about a strenuous workout or a panic party.

As soon as we cleared the entrance to the marina, I put Kathy's hand on the tiller and said, "Steer for the Saulnierville Church." The smile was there right from the get go. I have a photo that I like a lot that, alas, the First Mate doesn't like at all, it's her sitting comfortably in the lee quarter, one hand on the tiller with a long arrow strait wake trailing off behind the boat. This lady can steer.



Going "up" the Bay, we have to cross two long shallow bars. With the wind steady and a reliable helmsman, I was free to wander around the boat at will. Got the tail of the halyard smartly made up and stowed. Broke

out the ship's stores. But mostly, I roamed around on the foredeck, watching the bottom go by.

For all the fish plants and hundreds of septic systems that must be weeping tiny amounts of "enriched" fresh water into the Bay, the water is still quite pristine. Unless a nasty sea is churning up sand or silt from the bottom, the water is crystal clear. Not clear like snorkeling off Cozumel or some other tropical paradise, you understand. This is part of the North Atlantic. But on a sunny day we could probably spot a quarter lying on the bottom in 15' of water. And if it's not as lush as the reefs off Cozumel, it is still an amazingly beautiful bottom, especially as we sail over those bars. Kinda like the Nature Channel, only we're in the picture rather than watching it. It actually gets kind of mesmerizing on a day like this one when the wind is our best friend rather than a challenging companion.

This is one of the real joys of a boat that will sail, centerboard down, in 2' of water. If there's a pretty bottom to look at, we can really see it. I'm an enthusiastic advocate of looking at pretty bottoms. On this day, the wind and tide were not aligned in the most fortuitous configuration. Keeping the spruce auxiliary in mind, we set off downwind to have the tide helping us home if the gentle breeze decided to quit before we did.

We made it past the mouth of the Meteghan River and almost halfway from there to the church when I decided it was time to head back. With the wind now on the nose, I relieved the First Mate on the helm. Another of the joys of *Ellie-Xander* is the fact that she'll sail faster on a close reach than she will downwind. Of course, we cover a lot more distance, what with all the tacking, but we get there just as quickly, especially with the receding tide adding to our speed over the ground.

With the wind continuing to hold light and steady, I decided to sail her into the marina and stow the rig once inside. That became a bit of sport. Once again, the wind was coming straight through that narrow slot. It always looks as if we should be able to make it through with two to four tacks. But, of course, the wind is constantly changing strength and direction as it funnels through and gets bent around the breakwater on one side and the wharf on the other. On this day it took nine or ten tacks (I stopped counting after seven) including one 360° turn to avoid colliding with a big (moored) fishing boat. Once inside, we were able to sail her to within an oar's length of the float and one of the other boaters was there to catch our bow line. Didn't have to row a stroke.

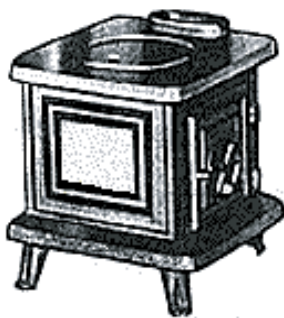
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A Charleston Egret

Here's an Egret that Judy Blue Eye's boat guy in Charleston built. I'm not real fond of these boats, Egrets have the problems that all double ended sharpies have, they're very narrow and flat bottomed and pointed on both ends which takes away all of your space. So my advice to you guys who're thinking about building one, think real hard about it and try to go out for a ride in one first. Gaff rigged sharpies are good boats but they need to have flat back ends.



This is a GIS for Short

Some sharpies are lots of fun and go like hell. Like this one that Dean from North Carolina built. This is a Goat Island Skiff or GIS for short, a fun boat that is easy to rig and sail and weighs only about 150lbs so moving it around is simple. I like the pop-up rudder he used so when surfing up on the beach he's not trying to do three things at once.

Dean is one of those builders who wants everything perfect and uses only the best materials. The good news for you is that he likes to build them more than he likes to use them, this one's only been in the water twice. You know that I never advertise boats for sale here but I do tell you about giveaway boats sometimes. This is one of those, or practically a giveaway, Dean says he'll take \$1,250 for the whole thing, trailer and all, to a good home so he can get on with his next build.

Simon has one of these and reports that they will get on a plane and will surf. If I didn't have this hip thing coming up you wouldn't be seeing these pictures because I'd be heading up there to buy it myself. They should make grease fittings for all of our joints. Here's Dean's email address, don't wait too long or it'll be gone. dfharing@aol.com See what I mean about great workmanship.



Autumn Comes to the Tiki Hut



I Still Think I'm 25

Here I am, the guy telling you what to do and I'm the one who has the big sign in the shop that says "DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT HELPING ME." OK, sorry, go ahead and build one. I'm here getting ready to glass in my screen porch for more sewing room space and got sidelined with a hip problem.

Cessna is in her usual ready to help position. Everyone knows that boats are bad for your health and I stand here as living proof. About five years ago I was pulling my boat down a dock and tripped on a cleat and fell in a funny direction, catching myself before I hit. I hurt my hip but it got better, no big deal.

Well, I guess it was a big deal because evidently I screwed something up in the joint and it's been like a trailer bearing that got run too long without grease, it wore out. Believe it or not a young, good-looking skinny guy like me needs a hip replacement. What the hell, only old people get hip replacements, 65 isn't old, is it? I still think I'm 25. I'll let you know how this one goes.



A Little Different Than Usual

Here's a boat being built a little different than usual in this email. John is a master welder and has had big trawlers all his life. He's here in Sarasota now with our shallow water and wanted something different so he making his own all aluminum tunnel drive boat. It'll be a pretty big boat with lots of comfort. I'll stay with this build to see how he does. John is another guy I met through his wife Dawn, a quilter. It's beginning to look like boat building and quilting sort of go together, the personalities must attract each other.





Doing Something Not Fun

Another John doing something not fun. This is museum John grinding a centerboard to shape. This will be the board for his Everglades challenge boat. It's 1/4" thick stainless steel. Stainless steel comes in a million different chemical combinations and this one was the really hard and tough mix. It was the centerboard I had in a Snipe I built 40 years ago to woo Helen in. It came from the Tampa Electric plant in Apollo Beach and was probably some super hard impossible to grind stuff.



Wake Patterns

These next three pictures are Paul's model tug and show the wake patterns at different speeds. The first one is about 1/3 hull speed nice and flat, at 2/3s it's starting to bury the stern a little, and at hull speed, check out the huge wave that's formed. A displacement boat can only go as fast as the hole in the water it makes.



The crew, waiting to go inside.

Big Power by Noon at No Charge

Howard has been moping around here for the last couple of weeks because he doesn't have a project to interest him. He's been talking about building one of the cool old mahogany motorboats for as long as I've known him. He actually built one sort of like this way, way back before he was even married. He was 17 years old and living at home. He was a genius back then also. He even got a piece of Plexiglas and made his on curved windshield.

These are Century boats. The last one is a late model Century, the Arabian line. His may end up looking more like this one but it will still have a mahogany deck and all the fancy stuff. The thing that was keeping him from building one is the big expense of an engine and drive unit. That's a big investment for a boat that you just want to play building. On Monday he was looking at the pictures of these and said he'd build one if he had a good engine.



Well, Steve and I looked at each other and busted out laughing. We told him that we'd have a new 350 cubic inch, 300hp V-8 with the full drive train sitting in front of the shop by noon the next day at a cost of zero. You can imagine just what he had to say about that except knowing us he had a sneaking suspicion that we had something up our sleeves.

And here it is, the most horrible looking boat you ever saw. It's a 22' Sea Ray boat with a 350 V8 and outdrive. So why didn't we just keep going on the dump with this thing instead of bringing it home?



Here's the story; we know an old guy who bought this boat in the early 1990s when he had a wife and kids and had a brand new engine and outdrive put in. It looked a lot better back then. Immediately after he had all this done his life took a turn for the worse and the boat ended up sitting uncovered out in a field, the new stuff had never been in the water but he did pull the plugs and fill the cylinders with oil. He has tried to sell the boat with no success at any price and told us a while back that we could have it, to which we laughed and said no way, it's not that much fun hauling boats to the dump.

Not a week goes by when this Howard thing comes up so here it is. He'll have the motor running like a sewing machine in a week, Howard can get any engine running. It'll be fun seeing what comes from this but we all know that whatever it is won't take long. He'll either pull out everything he needs and build a whole boat or figure out how to use part of this boat, we'll see.

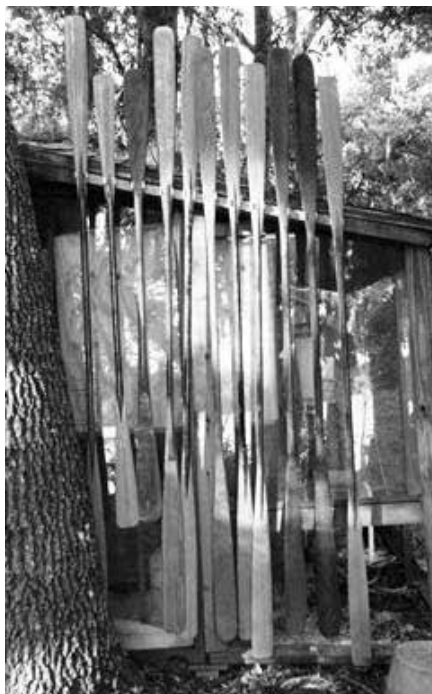
It was buried in mud up to the bottom of the hull but the trailer still looks good, not so much for the tires. Using an outdrive was in

the cards all along. A straight inboard would look better but the prop, shaft and rudder would be ripped of within a minute here on this coast of Florida. We can't even get from my dock out to the big river without touching bottom a couple of times.



New Paddle Holder

Steve build a new paddle holder to store these things out of the way. These are a few of the loaner blades we have, you notice that there are no "regular" paddles here, we never use that style anymore. Compared to these Greenland style ones they suck.



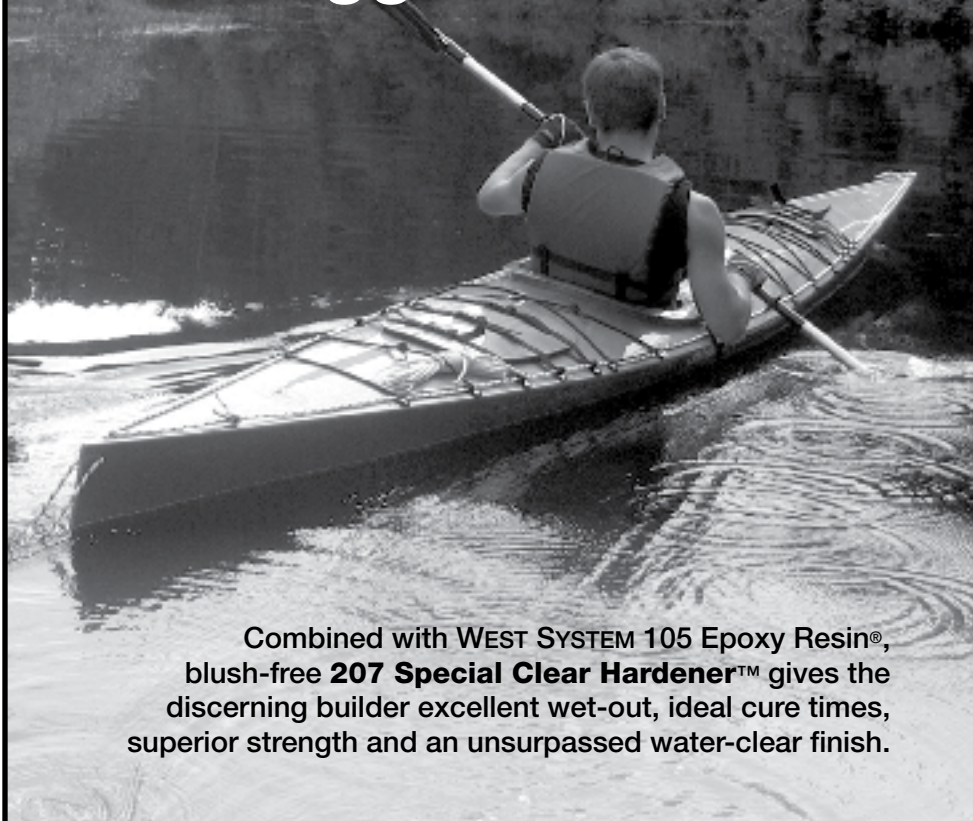
Running Raging Rapids

If you were going to run the raging Tellico river rapids in Tennessee what would you use? If you're Mike Burwell you'd use

a Coracle or more commonly known (as if these things are common) as a basket boat. He did it and here's the living proof. I'm not even sure that this qualifies as messing around in a boat. It looks like there's room for two on that seat.



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"Jay, turn this (reader, insert most imaginative salty language here) boat right around and get these children back to shore!" I may be the captain of my vessel but I had just been issued an order by the Admiral. No amount of insisting that the boat wasn't sinking (unless the volume of water taken aboard from bow waves and spray exceeds the volume of water being bailed out) was going to help.

You see, I was the taking the family for a jaunt in a Jon boat under power on a beautiful whitecap day in Barnegat Bay. The boat was on a low plane being pushed by my Honda 8hp outboard, but every third or fourth wave brought water aboard.

Let me back up just a bit before the reader cries foul. I was testing out my seaworthy modifications, raised forward sheer plank and raised bow. The problem was that the bow orientation was too square with the facing waves which slammed into the bow at right angles, slowing our progress and soaking us. I needed a more sweeping bow profile like the old flat bottom clamming garveys I'd seen in my youth. Well, after going back to the drawing board/boat shed, I achieved this redesign with a sloping mahogany bow plank that deflects oncoming water down and not up into the boat as spray.



The Jon boat sailing scow (from here forward referred to as the *Jon-b*) has been a constantly evolving project over the years. It began after salvaging a rudder and sprit sail off an old sailing/rowing skiff I had built years ago. The project has played out in an interesting way, boat use on the water directing design evolutions. Initially the *Jon-b* was used with two trolling motors and a rudder on a two mile long lake near where I live in central New Jersey. The *Jon-b* was reaching its range limitations on the trip back upwind to the dock as the two deep cycle batteries were being drained.

Alright then, time to break out the oars. Not so fast. The *Jon-b* is a bear to row, it has no rocker in its flat bottom (a design decision made for quick, low power planing with an outboard). Time for the sprit sailing rig mounted to a sturdy mast partner.



Now the *Jon-b* could sail straight downwind saving the batteries for the return trip. The unstayed sprit rig was the perfect candidate because it is easy to rig underway and stowed within the length of the boat for the return trip or for fishing. In fact, there is a historical precedence for this type of practical rig in a flat bottomed working boat, the one or two bushel oyster sharpies used along the East Coast before the days of power.

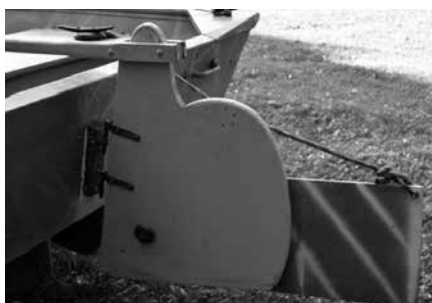
Jon-b Run Silent, Run Shallow

By Jay Goldman



Well, as one thing always leads to another, I started testing the upwind performance of the *Jon-b*, which was pretty dismal. Also, if there was a lot of wind on the lake, the return trip under electric motors was difficult because the bow would have a tendency to veer erratically to port or starboard because of the added windage of the raised bow.

Next move, dual tracking skegs similar to a surfboard. Over the years I have been using a stash of Aqua Cat (a primitive catamaran built in the '70s) aluminum rudder castings for all kinds of projects and still had two left, which I cut down into skegs and through bolted with polysulfide caulk to the bottom of the boat just ahead of the kick up barn door rudder. Result, slightly improved tracking under power and only slightly discernible improvement in upwind performance (lateral resistance).



Well, if I wanted any upwind performance better than a slightly downwind reach, I was going to have to fabricate something pretty substantial. Hmmm. Center board or leeboards? I recalled looking at the lines from a bunch of old Dutch type sailing scows that were fitted with fan shaped leeboards. Yup, leeboards, and I wouldn't have to cut a hole in the bottom of the *Jon-b*.

I found a nicely seasoned 2"x12" Douglas fir plank (i.e., used construction lumber) and after a few hours with a power plane, spoke shave, rasps, files and sandpaper, I had two nice looking hydrodynamic leeboards.

Now for the pivot attachment. The traditional arrangement is usually a simple rope or chain affair where the upwind board is free to lift out and away from the hull so as not to cause any damage from leveraging forces. The other end of the spectrum is stout stainless steel through hull fittings with levers and cam locks that are used on the Dovekie. I decided to fabricate a steel angle iron support bracket which I welded together and shimmed to the correct angle with purple-heart (very durable) wedges.

Time to test on the water. Results, while underway the leeboards floated up to their

horizontal position. I weighted the bobbing leeboards with 5lb barbell weights which were better, but I think adding an additional 5lbs would be just about right.



While sorting out the leeboards on a pretty calm day (5-10 knots) I thought about throwing on some more sail. Well, I had an old windsurfing sail that fit the bill. I was reluctant at first because, for me, things have to look right to be right and the high tech fully battened Mylar sail looked decidedly out of place on an old character boat. Also, the battens would have to go so the rig could be quickly furled around the mast when not needed. However, the need for speed (relatively speaking) won out and the *Jon-b* is a part time scow schooner.



The *Jon-b* has been a very rewarding design experience for me. She is a "bit of a mongrel" really, being created out of parts and pieces of a wide lineage of gear. However, if you subscribe to the adage that pleasure on the water is inversely proportional to money spent on boating, and if you have a range of needs from fishing to gunk holing to downwind sailing to just about anything that can be done in a small boat, a conversion like the *Jon-b* may be for you.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, the *Jon-b* also has a pup tent configuration (using the sprit rig spars as a ridge pole) for overnight boat camping. I use a very small Japanese cast iron hibachi and driftwood found on the beach for cooking.



Sharpen Your Focus

You know how even a little thing can sharpen your focus? Sometimes, something little can be pretty big.

I was down on the local launch ramp one afternoon, a pretty normal thing for me. Boats go in, boats come out, several times a week, it seems. Well, anyway, there was this truck and trailer blocking the ramp. This older tri-hull with an IO was half on and half off the trailer. Not pretty. The old girl was sitting on her skeg, as a matter of fact. An older gent and his grandson were standing next to the boat, now pointing skyward and threatening to continue her slide onto the pavement. They had that universal, "Why me?" look.

Call it pretentious, but our little 2-mile long puddle has a "Lake Host". Lyle checks every boat coming in for milfoil and zebra muscles contamination. He was there, offering moral support, as another Good Samaritan fussed with the broken tow strap, broken snap ring, and also broken safety wire. Yeah, I know about that bad things come in threes stuff, too.

Anyhow, the squad of us got the tow strap replaced with a mooring line from *Old Salt*, got the boat winched partially back onto the trailer and refloated/reinserted onto the rollers, etc., in a few minutes. Unfortunately, when I was grinding that hull back "uphill" I heard a distinctive "CRACK" from the region of the towing eye. And, after following them back up a steep access road to the main parking lot to retrieve my mooring line and to get them cinched down properly for the trip home; I cautioned them to at least inspect, and probably replace the towing eye before attempting to re-launch their boat.

No big deal. Except, when I went back to the ramp to launch *Old Salt*, Lyle told me that the old man was apparently so sick, that he had to be lifted in and out of his boat. And, suddenly things focused for me. I can't be certain and, doubtfully, will I ever see those guys again. But, I just had this feeling that boat would never see the water again. And, that's bad enough but, as a result, I'm pretty sure it was the old man's last fishing trip as well.

Just a feeling.

Simplificating Again

I went shopping night before last, didn't buy a thing. Most of the stuff I did come away with has been paid for, for years. Yep. I'll bet you know somebody like that, too. I've got simply dozens of shelves, and boxes, and buckets, and, well yes, PILES of spare parts out in the shop and garage. The most wonderful collection of wire, and switches, steel tubing and flat bar, and bolts without nuts, and washers that don't fit the bolts they're with, and...

You see, Sam, the math genius, showed me a simpler way to make *Shenanigan* go gee and haw. Mississippi Bob, the veteran riverman, was aghast at my stooping to a cable and drum steering unit that not only took up a lot of space, it was rather unseamanlike. And, I myself, didn't like what was in the boat, too much either. So, I went shopping for the parts to make something else.

Really, all it took, was a 2" 1/4-20, a 3/8" flat washer, a threaded VHF antenna base mount, 3" of oak flooring, a jar of deck screws, a 40" section of stainless tubing, two stanchion-mount roller furling lead blocks, a couple of springs, a couple of odd-shaped cast aluminum pad eyes, 4 or 5 stamped s/s pad eyes, several plastic fairleads, and a couple

The Bucket List

Part 9

By Dan Rogers

more hardware store quality pulleys. A chunk of 3/4" dowel, odd pieces of MDO plywood, and a piece of dinghy halyard rounded out the ensemble. Oh yeah, there's a Ford foglight mounting bracket in there someplace, too.

Of course, the initial pile of odd parts and stuff-to-try was ten times the final tally. But, that's what simplicating is really all about. Winnowing things down to what works better. And, I don't think it's likely most of us will get it right first time outa' the gate. These things take a little twisting and fitting and turning over.

So, now, or until something better pops into my head, anyway, I get to sit up behind the windshield in a regular kitchen table chair and push a lever to the right. *Shenanigan* turns right. Push it back to the center line, and she goes straight. I'm still looking for something that would resemble the suicide knob that came stock on my '49 Chevy. The V-groove sheave mounted on a flat head Allen-drive machine screw is okay but there's just gotta' be something out on one of those shelves that would work even better.



August sea trials at Priest Lake.

Still gotta find that old snatch block, yet. The rest of it is a bored-out fishing pole holder base, a doubled-up ss tube(s) that was *Lady Bug's* gin pole, and a waste block from cutting up a 4"x6" for a trailer roller mount that didn't get used after it was all bolted together. And a leftover deck cleat. The towing vectors all look about right, without any further braces. TBD, eh?

Now, that the Autohelm plug (actually a 5-pin trailer lights plug) is still back aft with the motor-electric hookup, it's time to figure out how to steer electro-magically, too. I guess there's always something to simplicate further....

The Only Problem

"Only problem with building a boat...is, now you own a boat..." And, for some of us, now we get to rent another stall from the friendly, neighborhood, storage building people because, there's another one on the operating table, and a few more still in the waiting room... At any rate, I just put some new Freud saw blades into the table saw and sliding miter, just about that time of year when some otherwise good plywood gets turned into smaller chunks, dust, and noise in the search for the "perfect boat." Yeah, right.

The **downside** of building a boat is, when you're done...
▶ you own a boat.





still plenty of time to distill the list down to the top two or three places but, let me tell you about the few absolutely delightful puddles I visited on my really long “afternoon out.”

Last week I took a run up to Priest Lake, with *Lady Bug*, the road warrior sailboat who has followed me something like 25,000 miles all over the place, the past 6 or 7 years. Priest Lake is certainly the Crown Jewel of the lakes in this part of the world and, certainly, this will be one of the destinations next September. But, this particular trip took me west to the upper-mid Columbia River impoundment known as Lake Roosevelt. Officially, Lake FDR is over 150 miles long and has over 600 miles of shoreline, all a National Recreation Area.

Since it was just a “quick trip” I didn’t think I would add the added burden of rigging and unrigging a sailboat. Besides, I had to traverse some of those “scenic” highways and, when ever I see that word on a map of the West, I immediately translate it to its component parts: “twisty, windy, steep, with no shoulders or turn outs...” Hey, I’m a recovering acrophobic and an avowed chicken where sliding off a mountain while towing a sailboat is concerned.

So, after stealing a swing stove, mooring lines, life jackets, anchor rode and a bunch of other stuff from *Old Salt* and *Lady Bug*, I hooked up the stretch trailer with *Shenanigan* and *Kokobot* aboard. I pointed *Big Ole* out of the storage yard quickly before the other boats had time to figure out they might be already “in for the winter.” Hey, you can’t be too careful. Sort of like bringing your girl friend home to meet your wife. There are some things that we of the simpler sex just don’t always foresee when it comes to petty jealousies. Know what I mean?



Our small wagon train leaves “the fort”.

While this wasn’t exactly a well orchestrated outing; it was more or less programmed for when it was. The weather window had looked good for a while and that’s certainly what turned out. Clear skies. The most beautiful full moon at night, a classic harvest moon, day temps in the 80’s.

The run from home out to Roosevelt is about 60-odd miles a couple of tiny burgs, a crossroads or two and just lots of trees, farm fields, cows, horses. I even had to slow down for a coyote who sauntered rather insouciantly across the highway out past the “metropolis” of Loon Lake. I stopped at Eloika Lake to check out water levels at the ramp, and there was one guy fishing from the dock. No boats out.

After winding, swerving, and climbing upppppp and downnnnnn a few times, the highway drops down into the little community of Hunters, WA. There are the required two churches, two taverns, one grocery-and-auto-parts-store and the most wonderful Old Truck and Tractor Museum. I stopped in at the



Never can have too many old trucks.

store to ask if the museum is ever, actually, open. The guy behind the counter offered a non-committal “now, and then”, but, nobody seems to care if I strolled the grounds.

Hunters has a real nice Park Service campground and launch ramp. As I found my way down to the ramp, there was this white SUV with lights and antennae sprouting from the roof following me rather closely. When I pulled up to get ready to launch, these two park rangers stopped and offered the almost-routine, “Say, that’s a really cool little tug boat ya’ got there...” For a rather crudely built, and hastily thrown together little spit kit, *Shenanigan* really turns heads, as they say in the Craigslist ads. In fact, as I was coming out of the store back in Hunters, a school bus passed and every kid had their nose pressed to the window and was pointing at little *Shenanigan*.



A big ramp, and all to ourselves.

It seems to happen all the time. This trip, I was pulled over by the side of a farm road and was checking the tie downs, trailer lights, and all that sort of stuff. A guy in a pickup came screeching to a stop and jammed his rig in reverse, and backed up for a second look. There we were (me standing) in the middle of the road talking about boats. A horse pasture on one side, a wheat field on the other. Seems to be a great way to meet people.

Heck, a couple months ago, when I was just starting to build and test the stretch trailer I was out with it on one of our local county roads without lights, license plate, and that sort of formality stuff, trying to avoid driving on the highway. The highway is where the State Patrol is to be found, hereabouts. Anyhow, I came to a stop sign. Who should be parked right next to that sign, but a State

Patrol officer. I cringed and waited for the worst. He just smiled, pointed at *Shenanigan*, and mouthed the words “cute boat.” How ‘bout that?

I took the opportunity to ask the park rangers about messabout-friendly places on Lake Roosevelt. In addition to a paved-site campground at Hunters, there is a similar facility at Porcupine Bay and at historic Fort Spokane as well. And, as long as you stay a half-mile away from the developed camp grounds, you can camp for free on the beach. And, as I was saying, there’s over 600 miles of beach around that lake. It’ll be hard winnowing this list down.

I think there were four other truck and trailer rigs in the launch area parking lot. In the summer months, this place probably looks like Wal-Mart on Christmas Eve. I backed in and had *Shenanigan* floating, and underway, without much fuss at all. It was a beautiful afternoon to be underway. Except, the tub of “shipwreck stores” I tossed aboard from *Lady Bug* was an odd-bits collection of rusted cans. There was a partial jar of peanut butter, and a small container of dog kibbles. I saved the kibbles for when I might bring the dog, and dug the PB out with my pocket knife. I got a bit concerned with that pointy and sharp blade, so switched to my finger. See? I told ya’ it was a “boy trip.” I went around the nearby area checking out beach camping spots and generally being glad to be on the water. In those few hours, I saw exactly two boats. One came from the south, the other from the north. Headed in from a day of fishing. That was it.



Shenanigan purrs across the prairie.

Once *Shenanigan* was back on the trailer, it was time to think about driving back over that “scenic” highway. As I was checking the trailer load, blinkers and lights, I discovered that I had a headlight out. The nearest auto parts store was probably 75 miles away using Lewis and Clark’s route. When I tried to call home and say that I just might not be heading that way until daylight I was

reminded why it's called wilderness. No phone service. So it goes.

After cooking a rusty can of Dinty Moore on the swing stove in *Shenanigan's* cabin, I gathered up my emergency sleeping bag and turned in aboard *Big Ole*. I've always referred to *Ole* as my "homeless van." While comfortable enough for me while out adventuring, things are far from plush. Certainly a boy trip. Other than watching the moon rise, there was absolutely nothing to "do" after it got dark.

Next morning, the spectre of another rusty can of Dinty and the delight of launching at another ramp on FDR was superseded by a growing need to sit at a table and have somebody bring me breakfast.



Small towns are a great place to meet new people.



Do you think they know? That building in the right foreground is the local Studebaker agency.

As it turned out, that required another traverse of about 50 more miles of "scenic" roadway. But, quite worth it, I discovered a delightful little cowboy restaurant in Davenport, WA. And, then it was time to look for another puddle.

This sector of Washington is composed alternately of something derisively referred to as scab lands and alternately some of the most productive topsoil in the entire world. And, in many of the spots not actually employed in growing your morning bagels and wheat toast there is a cacophony of pud-

150 miles of lake, and nobody else out there.

dles, ponds, streams, and lakes. This part of the country reminds me a lot of the Lake Mohave, Havasu, Powell chain on the Colorado, except without all those Californians, and their jet skis.

One lake in particular, I have passed literally hundreds of times without ever actually being on it. Sprague Lake is pretty much the way it was when John Wayne was chasing Cochise around it in 1875, or so except since about 1960, the east-west freeway connecting Seattle with Chicago passing through Spokane in the process, clings to a hill along one side of the lake. I have been wondering what it would be like to explore that shoreline, now, for about 60 years, off and on, give or take. Soooooooooooooo.

That's where we went and that's what we did. Of course, I had to stop and take some pictures of one of the largest collections of really-old farm trucks I know of. It's about the only thing left in "downtown" Sprague, WA. One of those places The Freeway Forgot. Sprague Lake is about 5 miles long, and not real wide. I think there is ONE house along the shoreline. Mostly it's just bull-rushes and basalt and from the sailing perspective I don't think the prairie wind ever actually stops out there.

So many places to messabout. So little time. I'll be getting back to you on that.



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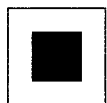
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In 2011 the Egan Maritime Institute and the Nantucket Shipwreck and Lifesaving Museum, Nantucket, Massachusetts, joined forces to purchase a 26' Monomoy Surf Boat. The boat spent most of its life off the shore of Kings Point, New York. It served as a training vessel for cadets at the Merchant Marine Academy.

Discovered for sale on eBay, it was purchased and brought to Nantucket where it was determined that it needed extensive restoration. An up close inspection revealed that it had 16 broken frames, a split keelson, 3 hood ends splayed out, missing centerboard and bad thwarts. It also needed to have the caulking replaced, then the paint scraped, sanded and repainted.



Prior to Restoration



New Boat in Nantucket

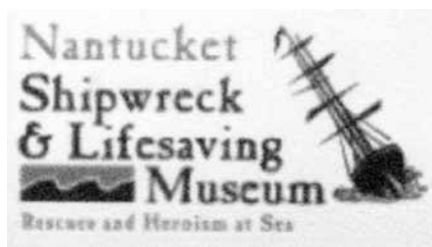
By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

Hard work by professional boat builders and volunteers finally paid off. The boat was launched this spring.

The following is a note sent by one of the volunteers, Erich Holch:

"We splashed the Surf Boat to let it swell up, but the rain the previous few days did such a great job that we took her out sailing!

Thanks all of you for all your help on this project. Fifteen months, but we are there! Can't thank you all enough, and I owe a lot of you sails and rows so feel free to get in touch! And special thanks to the people at Egan Maritime for believing in the project. We will be running an experimental maritime adventure camp this summer with No. 1 as the mother ship for the camp. Should be fun!



In these pictures we started rowing the boat, hence Connor at the helm with an oar. Then we decided to raise the sails, put the rudder in and she sailed like a dream! Blogspot is not up to date but enjoy a few photos here. Tom McGlinn was shooting film with Pascal in a chase boat so we got some awesome film of the first sail!!"

The Cape May Maritime Museum also acquired a Monomoy Surf Boat and is in the process of restoring it. George Loos and Kevin Maloney brought the boat to our August, 2012 TSCA meeting at Union Lake. Their boat was also purchased from the Merchant Marine Academy in New York. Extensive restoration is needed for this 2,100lb boat. I am sure that the recent launching of its sister ship in Nantucket will inspire the people in Cape May.



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June 29

The Club boats were successfully delivered to the Seaport Thursday evening for the WoodenBoat Show. I plan to do the return trip Sunday afternoon at 3pm, meet at the Seaport to get the boats back to MSYE. The Rutherford's have reported to me that the boats were a big hit and were getting a lot of use! I am including a picture of three of the Dories on the "Australia" beach after delivery.



July 5

Bill Rutherford has reported that the "WoodenBoat Show" and "Small Craft Workshop" were a great success! The *Susan Holland* was made available for this event and we decided to leave her at Mystic Shipyard East for a couple of weeks to give members a chance to continue to make use of her.

July 11

Bruce wants to know the progress we have made on the transom and stem for *Nina*. I have the wood for the stem so let's get it installed. Bruce has the keel so he will be very disappointed with us if we don't get our end of the bargain done.

For those of you who subscribe to *Messing About in Boats*, please note the article in July's issue about the "Apprentice Shop." They have two *Ninas* under construction! I will bring my copy Friday night.

July 19

This Sunday, July 21, is the launching of the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* at Mystic Seaport. The event runs from 1:30-3pm. The club boats are at Mystic Shipyard East for anyone who would like to row upriver to watch this event. Be aware of heavy marine traffic and stay out of the channel as much as possible so as not to interfere with vessels that are restricted to the channel's use.

July 26

Don't forget the Friday evening boat-house meeting 6:30pm at Avery Point. Now that the weather has cooled a bit we can make some sawdust! I have heard through the grapevine that Russell was on Channel 6 promoting his rowing program, which will be good for the TSCA in general. Kudos to Russ!

August 1

Last Friday we had a busy evening with all hands pitching in to help with fairing in the molds on the *Nina*. Bruce has the keel in place, the stem has been rough cut by John Symons and George has been working the transom. I have included a photo of the gang busily planing and trimming notches and molds.

There will be a rowing race this Saturday off Fort Trumbull in New London featuring Irish currachs. I may try to bring the *Susan Holland* over to watch, that still leaves the dories for anyone else who may want a waterside view of this event.

John Gardner Chapter TSCA News

By Phil Behney
www.tscanet/johngardner



August 8

The *Nina* project is moving along rapidly with Bruce Cressar cracking the whip. Bruce has material for the centerboard box which we need to start templating this Friday. George has the stem and hopefully we will have that installed on the molds tomorrow, too.

August 16

There is a Schooner festival coming up for September 11 through 15. I have had some suggestions from several quarters for our group to participate in some way. Schooners and dories have a intertwined shared history going back to the great fishing fleets of the "Grand Banks." We have four dories, so let's get them out there to show support for this great heritage.

John Hacunda often posts great stories, videos and links about the great history behind the schooner fleets, so I encourage you to visit the Facebook page he has created for our group and take a look back at all the wonderful posts he has put on the subject. Here is the link: https://www.facebook.com/#!/JGTSCA?hc_location=stream

August 23

Come down to Building 36 at Avery Point this evening for some boat building. Bruce will not be able to be there for a few weeks so we need to keep focused on the tasks he has outlined for us. Right now the stem and centerboard trunk need our full attention to complete.

August 29

The *Nina* is progressing, the centerboard trunk has a good start thanks to Bruce Cressar and Bill Armitage so let's keep up the momentum this Friday.

Sandy DeSepo is planning a club outing to coincide with Schooner Fest September 11-15, there will be discussion and an opportunity for ideas at this Friday evening's get together, so have your suggestions ready for Sandy, <http://schoonerfest.com/>. Also, I am sharing a request from Bill Rutherford for another outing to be added to the September agenda, just as a heads up to get everyone ready for fall rowing:

"We suggest adding an agenda item to solicit interest in an outing the second Saturday in October at a local lake. Starting time would be 10am with potluck picnic lunch to follow. Rowing/paddling boats expected, but if there is a breeze, could sail. Gardener Lake is a candidate, open to other suggestions. Will scout out some other options. Theme to be "Reflections

(Kodak Moments)." Inspiration will be Water Rat and Mole's row and lunch in the first chapter of *Wind in the Willows*. Perhaps we will "catch something of what the wind went whispering so constantly among the leaves."

Other suggestions put forth by Peter Vermilya are the Lieutenant or Blackhall Rivers in Old Lyme.

Now that the weather is cooling down I expect to see some more entries in the log book over at "Mystic Shipyard East." Let's use those boats!

September 4

The next few months are looking good for activities. Don't forget to let Sandy or myself know if you plan to row during "Schooner Fest." We also have another rowing trip being planned for October and a tentative tour of *RV Connecticut* for September 20.

September 11

This Saturday we will be meeting under the Gold Star Bridge in Groton at 8:30am for a short row across to New London to see the Schooners before they head out for their race. Sandy D'Esopo plans to have us tie up to the dinghy dock in New London afterwards to enjoy the chowder and other happenings in New London that day. So far we have three people bringing their own boats and two club dories. I will be loading the dories Friday evening in Mystic so anyone who wants to have a club dory available let me know.

Captain Dan Nelson has invited our club to visit the *RV Connecticut*, a wonderful opportunity for us to see and hear the interesting missions this ship conducts, <http://www.marinesciences.uconn.edu/MSTC/Vesselops/rvct.html>. Dan plans to meet us at our Building 36 on the Avery Point Campus at 6:30pm on the 20th and walk us over to the Marine Sciences facility to take us aboard the ship.

September 13

There is a lot happening this fall with the club and I would like to remind everyone that we do have a website and Facebook page that has a lot of extra stuff that I just can't include on my updates. John Hacunda, our Web Master, has done an excellent job of maintaining this benefit for us, so please don't be afraid of checking in, <http://www.tscanet/johngardner/>.

Don't forget this Friday evening for boat building and good company. I should have dories on the trailer ready for Saturday morning's row. Captain Dan said he will be motor-ing past Avery Point on his way to participate in the "Lighted Boat Parade" taking place in the Thames river as part of the Schooner Fest so let's keep our "Weather Eye" open for him.

September 21

The row over to New London's Schooner Fest was a success with eight people rowing. Sandy has one of the dories at his dock on the Thames River and it is available for anyone to row. There are two dories at Avery Point and one over in Mystic.



The Sprit Rig

There are a number of sailing rigs that work well with small boats, but my favorite is the traditional loose footed sprit. Besides looking right for my style of boat, it embodies the ultimate in simplicity, both in rigging and handling. Among its many proven virtues, it is inexpensive to fabricate and maintain, requiring no high tech hardware or fittings, and the spars can be easily fashioned by hand. It is extremely reliable and displays remarkably good overall performance. It spreads the largest area of sail on the shortest spars of any rig. It can be set up or struck in seconds and the spars are usually sized so that the whole rig can be rolled up and stowed inside the boat along one side, leaving plenty of room for rowing or motoring.

Although a boom can be used to advantage with the sprit rig, I prefer the loose footed style for its extreme simplicity. This arrangement also makes it a very safe choice for children and those not used to "ducking the boom." An incidental safety feature is the unstayed rotating mast. In a sudden gust of wind, a possible capsize can be prevented by simply turning loose the sheet and letting the whole rig harmlessly weathervane. If windage needs to be reduced even more, the sail can instantly be dropped, the mast uprooted and stowed in the boat.

It's hard to say enough about the virtues of this simple traditional rig. It will provide much enjoyable knocking about, particularly for those not so much interested in ultimate performance, but in the laid back, salt and tar, 19th century style of boating.

The Spars

As a general rule, the mast and sprit are about the same length and of a length that stows easily in the boat. The best wood for making spars is Sitka spruce, with Douglas fir a close second even though it's somewhat heavier.

Making Round Spars

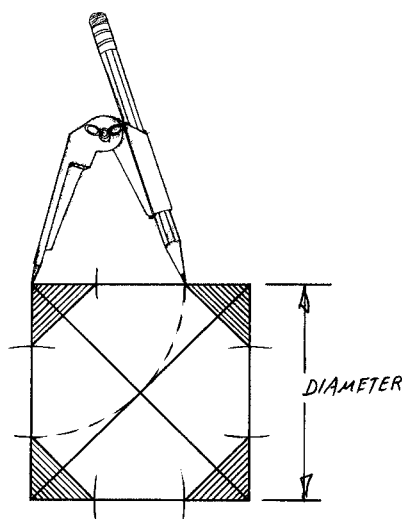
1. Start with a square stick with thickness equal to the maximum diameter of the spar. Laminate several pieces, if necessary, to get the required thickness.
2. Referring to the spar plan, locate and mark the points along the stick that represent the diameters at the taper points. For a sprit mast there should be four: 1) at the heel, 2) a little below the mast bench or partners, 3) at a point two-thirds the distance from the heel, and 4) at the head. Using a straightedge connect these points to lay out the tapers on one side of the spar blank.
3. Saw and plane the tapers down to the lines.
4. Rotate the spar 90° and mark the tapers on one of the uncut sides.
5. Saw and plane the tapers as before. The result is a tapered square spar that needs to be made round. Here's how:
6. Start by eight siding the spar as follows:
7. For each taper point draw a square with sides equal in length to the diameter of the mast at that location (four drawings).
8. Draw diagonals from corner to corner on each square.
9. Set a pencil compass to the distance from any corner to the intersection point.
10. Strike arcs from the corners to all.
11. Mark those points on the spar on all four sides for each taper location.
12. Use a straightedge to join the points.
13. Plane to eight sides.

Making a Sprit Rig Spars, Mast Bench and Step

By Warren Jordan, Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

14. Make the spar 16 sided by planing the eight sided corners away by eye as a guide.

15. Finally, using a block plane with blade set shallow, trim the mast round, guiding progress by feel. Do the final fairing with sandpaper.



The Mast

The sprit rig requires an unstayed, rotating mast to work to maximum efficiency. That's because the sprit is held to the mast with a tackle that limits the ability of it and the sail to rotate at different angles to the wind.

A sprit mast should be fairly stiff, tapering only slightly from its maximum diameter (a little below the mast bench) for about two-thirds of its length, then tapering to about two-thirds of its maximum diameter at the head. The last 6"-8" of the heel forms a taper that fits into a matching tapered socket in the mast step.

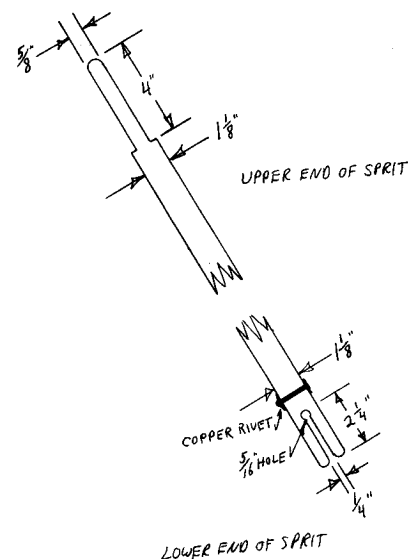
A hole (called a dumb sheave) is bored in the fore and aft orientation near the mast head. The halyard runs from the throat of the sail through this hole to a belaying cleat at the lower forward side of the mast above the mast bench.

A thumb cleat (two if the sail is equipped for reefing) for keeping the snotter from sliding down the mast is attached to the mast as shown on the rigging plan. If no location is given on the plans, find it by setting up the rig and trying different positions until the sprit angle is correct. If the heel of the sprit is too high on the mast it will form too acute an angle with the head of the sail and make it hard to apply enough tension to properly peak up the sail. If it is set too low on the mast, it limits the reefing possibilities and requires a very long sprit.

The Sprit

The sprit holds and tensions the peak of the sail. It is made of the same wood as the mast, usually Sitka spruce or Douglas fir. The sprit is thickest in the middle (typically

about 1 1/2") where most of the bending stress is centered, and tapers to about 1 1/8" at both ends. The last 4" of the upper end is shaped to form a 5/8" diameter cylinder onto which the peak grommet of the sail is placed. This cylinder shoulders out to about 1 1/8" to keep the grommet from sliding down the sprit. The lower end of sprit is shaped as shown in the drawing in order to work with the snotter in tensioning the sail.

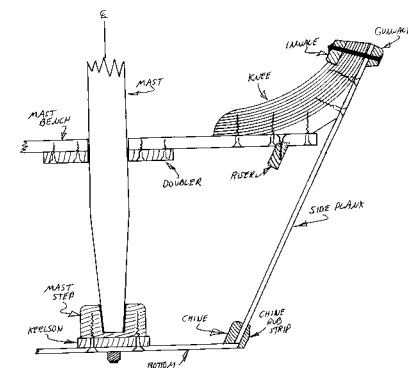


Mast Bench

The mast bench (partners), in its simplest form, is just a thwart with a hole for the mast. It has to handle the considerable leverage imposed on it by the force of the wind on the sail, so it must be very stoutly installed and there should be a doubler glued and screwed to its underside to keep it from splitting. For maximum strength it will sometimes be braced with knees at the ends that distribute the loads to the sides and sheer structure (inwales and gunwales).

Mast Step

The mast step is the wooden structure that holds the heel of the mast. It should have a tapered hole that is slightly larger in diameter than the mast taper so the mast can rotate freely. Because of the powerful leverage of the mast, it must be very stoutly fastened, with glue and screws through the bottom from the outside.



Broken Tiller

The local weatherman predicted winds from the south at 10-15mph so I hooked up the Skat and headed toward the lake. When I arrived at the launch ramp the wind looked a bit more than predicted, but I hadn't been out for a long while so I launched the boat. I hung the boat off on the north side of the dock and started rigging her up.

The wind looked to me to be more like 20-25mph so I tied in a reef on the sail. Got everything ready and turned her loose. The Skat backed away from the dock and I brought her around on a starboard tack and headed out through the fleet of moored boats and into the lake.

As I got out into the open water I came to realize just how windy it was. I decided that I should sail upwind to the south end of the lake and hope to find a wind shadow there. Well I never made it that far. On one of my tacks the sheet line caught on the rudder head and broke off the outer end of the tiller. What to do?

Catboats tend to have a bit of weather helm and the boat wanted to point into the wind and kept changing tacks. Could I steer without a tiller? I went all the way aft and sat on the rear deck and got a hand on the rudder head.

I was just not strong enough to overpower the weather helm, even with the sheet running free. The best I could do was to hold it on a chosen tack and keep her pointing into the wind. I chose a port tack.

I was not really making any headway but was again in control of things. The boat was drifting sideways and I held that course. I was headed west toward that side of the lake. OK, I held that course until I was straight upwind of the dock. I thought that it was time to get the sail off so I dropped it on deck and bundled it up as best I could. The boat did an immediate 180° and started drifting to the north. I was underway in the right direction anyway but could I steer?

The boat was traveling at a good walking speed and yes, I could steer. Sitting on the aft deck I could reach the rudder head and control the direction maybe 10° either way. I managed to steer in through the moored boats and not hit anyone. As I neared the dock I brought the painter aft as far as it reached and steered toward the outer end of the L-shaped dock. I slid in about a foot off and, with the painter in one hand, I grabbed a dock post and dropped a clove hitch over it.

The boat did another 180° and pointed obediently into the wind and I stepped off as if to say isn't that the way it's always done? Not a witness anywhere in sight. They only show up when you crash.

Skat



By Mississippi Bob

My Next Winter Project

As I write this it is too hot to do anything work or play outdoors so it is time to sit down and plan my next winter project. We are coming up on Labor Day weekend. I hope that it cools off so I can enjoy the rest of the summer. Last winter I built my *Mini Slipper*. She is a 13' version of the Mad River Slipper. The Slipper was one of my early designs. I wanted pretty and I wanted light. I got both. I am very happy with the results.

The previous year I built a Skat, a Jim Michalak gaff-rigged catboat design. The Skat, although it is only 12', is really a large boat, large enough that I can comfortably stand and walk around in the cockpit. The boat just fits through the door of my storage building, just. I stapled some sleeping pad foam onto either door post to help save the varnish on the gunnels.

I have had a lot of fun with Skat but it has a couple drawbacks. Number one, it requires a trailer. To me that a problem. Where I sail mostly at Lake Nokomis in Minneapolis it is often hard to find a place to park a car with a trailer anywhere near the launch ramp. The other drawback is that it takes altogether too long to rig and unrig. Provided that I can find a place to park, it still takes me a full hour from the time that I arrive at the ramp until I am underway.

Many trips to the lake are on a limited time schedule so more often than not I take one of my canoes. I like to arrive at the beach and be in the water in a couple of minutes.

I do enjoy sailing and have begun thinking about a smaller sailboat, one that I can slide into the back of my truck. I wrote to Jim and he sent me the plan for his Piccup Squared. The first thing I had to know is whether it would fit into my Ford Ranger pickup. I built a mockup of the widest part of the boat and included the bumps that represent the leeboard mounts. It fit nicely.

Piccup Squared



My truck has a 7' box so this 11' boat will stick out only a couple feet past the lowered tailgate, not a problem. The leeboard and rudder will come off and ride nicely in the cockpit. The sail is a simple balanced lug-sail and the parts are quite short. I will make a long thin bag that these parts fit into and ALL the rigging can travel in a bag in the back of the truck, also. This will be a winter project and I can hardly wait for the snow to fly.

OK, you are probably wondering how small is too small. I learned years ago that the enjoyment of a boat is "inversely proportional to the size." I have worked at several marinas over the years and I have noticed that very few owners of large boats get out often to use them. Lots of reasons for this, cost of fuel is one and the need for a crew is another.

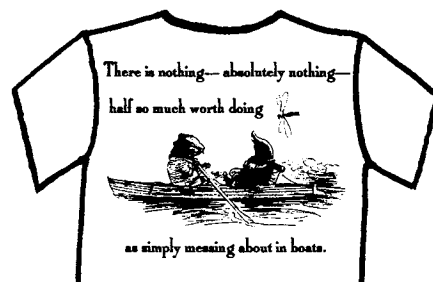
I have made sailboat deliveries to the East Coast and all I can say about those trips is that they can become a lot of work. I am cantankerous enough that no one wants to go with me, anyway, so why do I need a big boat? Since I have become a caregiver I can't get too far from home, anyway, and not for very long, so my small boats suit me just fine. This raises one big question, "How small is too small?"

A few words about Michalak's boats. I knew how to build boats. When Jim sent me the plan for Skat I started building and read the instructions later. When Jim sent me the plans for the Piccup Squared I read the instructions first. Very much of what he says make good sense.

When I was a boy I built model airplanes. Never followed the plans completely but they flew. I haven't changed much but now I build boats and they float. Jim has laid out a building program that works, this time I will do it his way, almost.

I will say it one more time because I am a firm believer that "the enjoyment of a boat is inversely proportional to the size." Think about that for a while.

(Editor Comments: For a look at Jim Michalak's complete line of boat plans go to duckworksbbbs.com and click on Jim Michalak - Duckworksbbbs.com



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The String Thing, by Chris Waite

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

All images supplied by the author

*I wish I could find
A thing of some kind
A good kind of thing
To do with my string*

With all this discussion on ways to improve working the boat, the urge came upon me to throw in my two-ha'penceworth. So here are some alternatives I plagiarized earlier; it's just possible one or two may have got tangled up with the odd idea I've had myself:

1. In Dinghy Cruising No. 216, Doug Heslop described a continuous loop to take his anchor rode out to the stem head, so that he did not have to 'trip the light fantastic' on the foredeck. I agree with him, it's not the place for old goats and keeping the anchor somewhere convenient in the cockpit, the lazarette or wherever, makes absolute sense. In line with the idea that anything on a small boat that can be made to fulfil more than one function is a bonus, rather than a continuous loop I have a simple outhaul (in black):



This is not only available to take the anchor rode, or a mooring line out to the stem head, but can also be used as a boom 'preventer' when running downwind and is intended to act as a downhaul when using the boat hook as a bowsprit to take a gennaker for light weather off-wind work. The heel of the boat hook will have a spinnaker-boom clip to fasten to that u-bolt in front of the 'partners'.

How do you get the end back? Well it has to come back to you as you retrieve whatever it is that it was attached to; just clip it somewhere convenient to hand until the next time.

I say 'gennaker' and you will no doubt have visions of brightly coloured billowing nylon. No such luck; I have a large, dark blue and very old piece

of Bosun dinghy main, which I am intending to triangulate experimentally, so it is likely to come out more of a 'jerrickicker'.

2. It doesn't matter how you run a continuous lacing to hold the luff of a gaff, or gunter mainsail to the mast, the system

goes to rats as soon as you reef and shorten the luff. Proper mast hoops are not really on for a small dinghy, though why not, I ask myself? Actually the simplest way I have ever seen to achieve the same effect is to have a strop made up with a toggle on one end and an eye on the other. Ah yes, but how do you get it to slide? The answer is to have the strop sheathed with a piece of Nylon hose and it is important that it is Nylon, (not, NOT polythene), as Nylon slides on varnish, paint and wood. One more thing you do not need to adjust when reefing:



This is the luff on my little gaffer. It can also be used to hold the clew to the boom on a loose-footed mainsail and other similar locations, such as the boom to the mast, on a balance lug.

3. Next, reefing and the gunter halyard conundrum. It has been a long time since I sailed a gunter rig, probably a RNSA 14 footer during my Naval days in the seventies. There has to be some simple way to hold the yard up to the mast when reefed and the article in Dinghy Cruising No. 217 I think is the latest in what is possibly a series of ingenious methods. To achieve the same thing on a balance lug, I formed a loop round the mast from the working end of the halyard (in blue), sheathed in the trusty nylon hose mentioned above:

(Image overleaf →)



Here it is, partly raised for clarity; there is a spring clip-hook to hold the bight of the halyard to the yard itself. As the halyard is tightened, so the yard is pulled ever closer to the mast and I have to tell you it is 100% effective in luggerly action, wherever the reef ends up on the mast.

Two problems:

Firstly, on the lugger, if the halyard is let fly, rather than falling back over the boom, it spears vertically straight for the fo'c'sle and this little boat has several impressive scars to prove it. The second best answer is to take the halyard through the yard fitting, round the mast and to the lower, forward end of the spar. This works a bit and prevents dimpling of the foredeck, but it's nothing like as effective in use as the system above.

Secondly, and this is the one for today's gunterers, it still does not encourage the spar to lie snugly alongside the mast. For a gunter rig, I reckon there are two possible solutions to this.

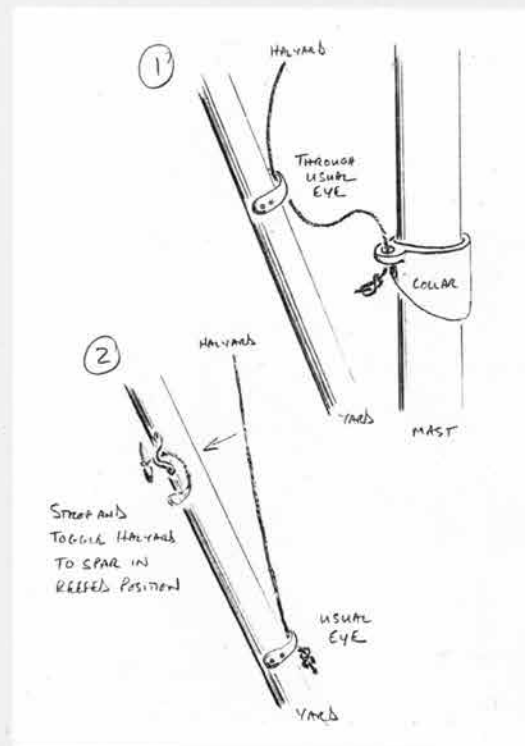
Because I don't gunt myself these days, I've not tried either of them. So either have a go and let me know, or tell me why neither will work.

1. How about taking some of the bulk out of the above system? It would require a metal collar, almost a sleeve, so that it would not jam when hauled up the mast by an eye fixed on the top rim; that's got rid of the mastybulk. Next reduce the clip on the yard to a metal strap rather like the ones currently fitted to the Mirror dinghy, but perhaps a tad less 'edgy', as the working end of the halyard is not going to be impressed with any of this. Impressed or not, run the halyard from the masthead sheave, through this metal yard 'strap' from the top and on down, going similarly through the mast collar eye also from the top, then finish it with a figure-of-eight stop knot.

I have drawn the collar with an asymmetrical lower

edge, the idea being that it won't jam, though relatively tight on the mast. This could have a lightening hole in the forward side, or even be fabricated with a circular top horizontal hoop and an oval lower one, welded together to achieve the same objective.

When pulled tight, the stop knot will pull up under the collar eye and lift that, while the strap, bringing the yard with it, will slide down till it is sitting over the collar eye. All very tight and tiddly and it doesn't matter how far up or down the mast the collar is. It would do to buy a longer than necessary halyard, as I suspect you will end up cutting a few inches off the frayed and irritable working end, after each season. Or maybe it could be parcelled in some way:



2. Again leave the halyard attached to its usual position on the yard, but have a second attachment. A tightish soft eye and toggle strop round the yard, or similar, captive through an eye screwed to the aft edge, level with the mast sheave when reefed. Down sail, slip the halyard inside the strop, toggle it up and its ready to hoist in its new position.

'Simplz', or have I missed something?

Aircraft designer Antoine de Saint-Exupery said, 'You have achieved perfection in design, not when there is nothing more that you can add, but when there is nothing more that you can take away'.

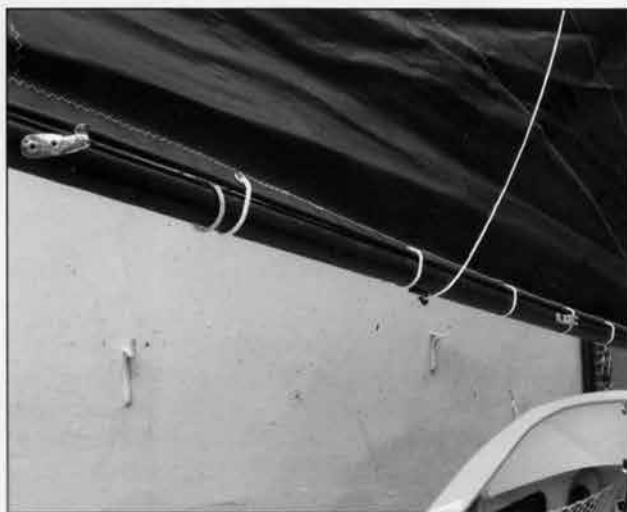
I understand that the Torch dinghy is larger than a Mirror, but certainly not any bigger than an Enterprise. Being a gunter would mean that dropping the main to reef for instance is no great problem. You might care to consider (5) below in this context.

4. Continuous slab reefing lines seem like the answer to a prayer, don't they, but it is a massive amount of string and stuff for each reef. With respect to the notion, I feel that on a dinghy the sail is sufficiently small and to hand that there are answers that require less paraphernalia. I have an open stainless hook for each reef on the gaffer; fixed onto the shackle that holds the tack of the main down onto the forward end of the boom. The luff cringles are simply slipped over these and the sail hoisted again.

For the leach on my latest (balance) lugger's eighty square-foot main, I have one pennant with an eye round the boom and only long enough to pass through the leach cringle and stopped off with a small bauble, pretty much like one of Paul Constantine's individual reef ties (DCA 217:54):



On the same side as the stop knot, I have an open hook on the boom, where he has a turning block and the pennant's length forward of that, a side opening clam cleat:



Grab the stopper bauble, take the pennant round the hook, pull forward and jam it in the cleat:

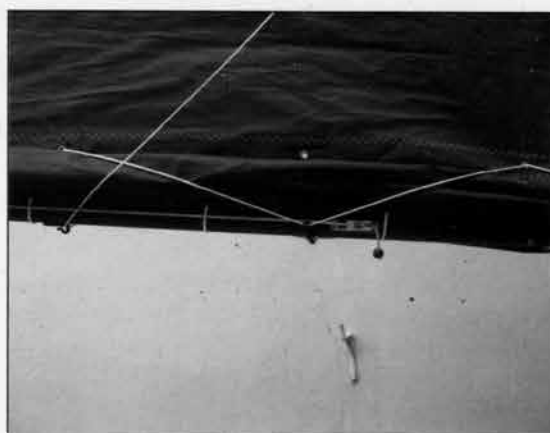


For completeness, I would say that on the same lug boat, I have a small simple loop stop through the throat and a forward facing hook under the forward end of the boom. The stop allows the luff to be gathered in before being slipped over the boom and into the hook. Otherwise the luff of the sail below the reef tends to billow, as it has no visible means of support:



Tying off the belly of the sail is only to prevent it seething around and I have removed the individual ties in favour of a line threaded in a figure of eight through alternative points in the sail – ignoring two and four altogether, so from one, through three, through five, back through three and tied off again at one. On one side of the sail, each of the two loops so formed has a plastic hook threaded onto it. Once the sail is reefed the hooks are passed under the boom and slipped over the two loops on the other side.

The line has the correct tension to gather the sail without straining it:



I was going to use light bungee, but why bother? Better, I wonder whether a simple loop encompassing the sail through points two and four and with but one hook would be sufficient?

On the subject of reefing, I know a number of sailors whose abilities I respect immensely and they reef carefully by degrees; I have found that typically, I tend to leave it too late. To correct for this problem while simplifying things, I reef in huge dollops, often as much as half the sail in one go. So both the little old balance lugger and her newer bigger balance lug sister have a single reef immediately under the throat that simply halves the sail: sixty to thirty and eighty to forty square feet respectively. I have never felt that I wanted some area in between and I have become much more of a dab-hand at it as I am more inclined to take advantage of the system.

5. Do you get to that stage where everything is going wrong, the main is still up and you desperately need the space inside the cockpit not to be full of a boom draped in obtuse folds of writhing canvas? My balance-lug dinghies ... I keep saying this because I am moving up-market by one foot two inches ... my dinghies both have topping lifts. This sounds very grand for such tiddlers and especially ones that do not even have stays for the mast, but being able to keep the sail out of the way in a crisis is a real boon.

Not only topping lifts, but they are doubled so that when you drop the sail it settles passively between them and merely hangs low over your head; sometimes very low, I have to admit. You can use the cockpit, you can see where you are going and the boat is waiting quietly to obey your every whim. For gaff and gunter, take a simple looped line from one side of the masthead, under the boom and up to a similar location the other side passed through an open thumb-hook facing aft on the underside of the boom at maximum area of the sail, (say two-thirds aft). Adjust it so that it is just slack enough to allow the sail to set properly. This probably does not hold the boom above your rowing head and here dear reader, I leave you, because on the balance lug,

you continue the line in a 'fall' that drops down the outside of the sail, parallel to the mast, to gather the forward billows as well and is caught to the mast under the boom, where it can be hauled in to raise the spars off your weary, aching pate.

For you non-luggers, I can only suggest that you have a way of out-hauling it aft on the boom itself to lift it, or continue it into the 'fall' above, though that is a waste of good line coming from the masthead. Lazy Jack – marvellous:



I know, I know, I lied about the reef points – these photographs were taken before the changes I've described.

Oh, and another thing:

6. Foils. Just a couple of last points, do you suffer from 'Eloating Centreboard Syndrome'? Find a corner of the board that stays inside the case, but is easily accessible when installed and screw with a big washer, a short length of oversize polythene, yes



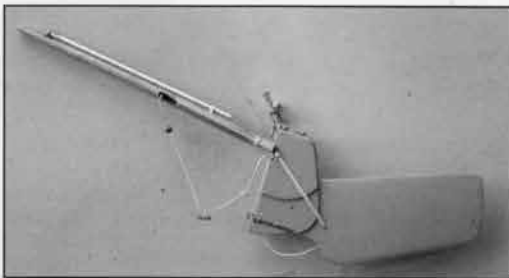
polythene hose – to the board, such that when you tighten the screw down it presses harder on the in-sides of the case forming an adjustable friction brake. Make sure there's room in the case for this addition; if necessary by cutting a small chunk out of the board to take it.

Daggerboarders – convert to a pivoted mechanism, you'll never regret it.

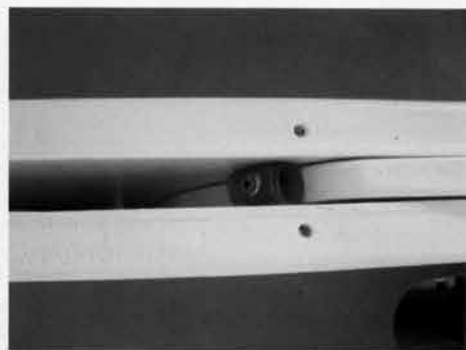
And finally, there at the back, how do you politely



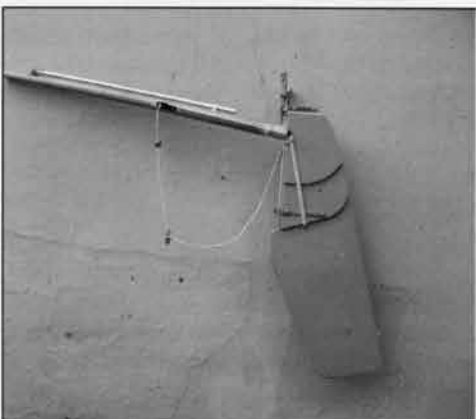
keep the rudder blade down? It took me over sixty years to work this one out. It needs to stay up when you want it up, but more important, down when you want it down, though not to be inflexible about these things in case stuff should go wrong. Have a downhaul (toggle) that is not attached to anything apart from the other end of a bungee-tensioning device (blue bauble), for the convenience of having a continuous line. Then you set the bungee (doubled and stripey) so it works either up, or down on the over-centre principle:



With the bungee taut the blade will stay either up while launching and recovering, or down while sailing. Once the bungee is tensioned, if the blade hits anything underwater it overcomes the bungee and rides up. Then, or if you are just leaving the shore, pull the downhaul and the blade will rotate to its vertical position. If you just release the tension, the blade floats horizontally at a depth sufficient to give you steerage in shallow water.



And that's about it.



'Heaving-to' is one of the most useful techniques in a sailor's repertoire and I can thoroughly recommend it. May I suggest you make sure it is one of the tricks you have up your sleeve; it takes all the fear out of charging around with flogging canvas laughing at your discomfiture while thrashing around over your head. Go and try it, you'll be amazed at the peace.

These are simple, simple things that might make sailing less complicated and therefore more enjoyable. It has taken me some six decades to gather together and if any of them can ease your passage in some shorter time then I would be really chuffed to think that they are out there soothing your soul. It seems that was all billows and stops, doesn't it, but Nil desperanicum! Things are under control now. CW

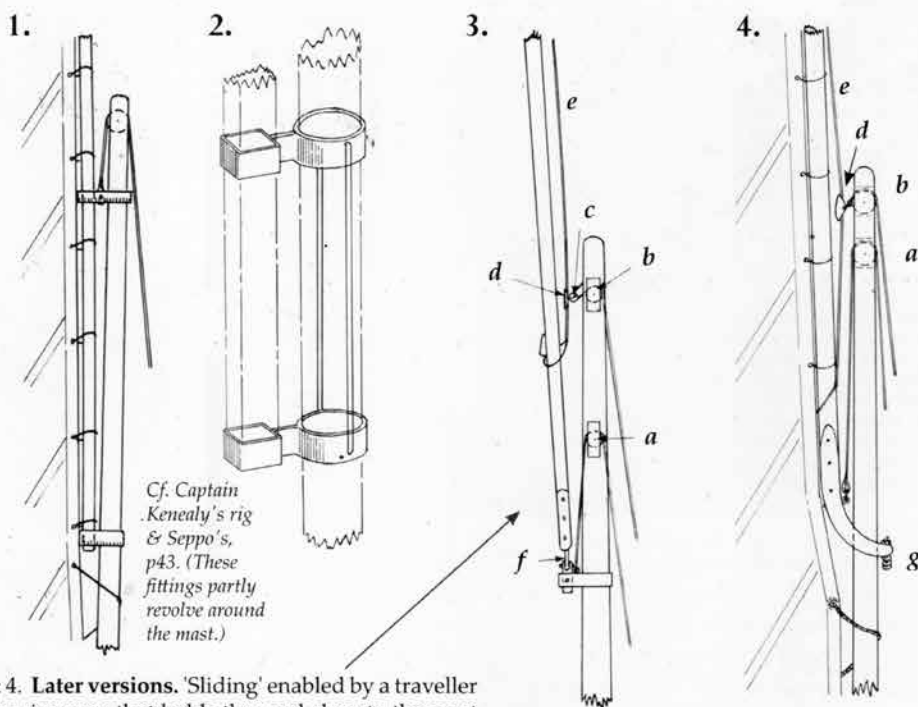
Chris: I can confirm that your gunter reefing arrangement in Drg 2, p46, does work – I too 'invented' it, a decade or two ago. The yard was rectangular in section with a luff groove – no lacing needed. A hole was bored right through it just behind the leading edge and reinforced with a drilled stainless steel clip wrapped round and epoxied in place (less chance of splitting without screws). In use, the boom was quietened by the double topping lift and tensioned mainsheet, the yard was partly lowered, and a lanyard – taken from a pocket – run through the hole, around the slack halyard and drawn tight with the knot of choice. No need for a toggle and becket. Very neat once in place, when the yard would be raised, the sail reefed and all hauled tight. Disadvantages? Another one should have been bored for the second reef – which would have been one too many – and lowering the yard under way is always a nuisance in any weather that decrees reefing, even when it is kept under control. On a yard with a round profile I would have fitted an eye on either side, port & starboard, with a short gasket left hanging from each. Keith

Evolution of Gunter Rig in the UK

The Sliding Gunter

1. The yard is held upright to the mast by two metal sleeves or 'irons', usually leathered & lubricated, with the top one made to unlock from the mast and the lower one hinged, so the yard can be lowered after unlacing. The sleeves were usually joined by a taut line on the forward side to reduce the risk of the lower sleeve jamming.

2. Specialised gunter 'irons'. The yard can be unstepped from the square sleeves when the sail is down; rods on the sides of the mast sleeves are to prevent jamming.



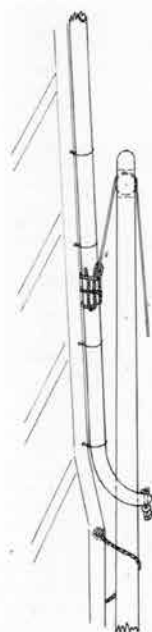
5. (Below)

The light simplified 20th century version we know best, as fitted to the Mirror 11, the Heron, etc. Unacceptable to purists because it does not 'slide', but 'folds', having lost the wire span and the throat halyard.

3. & 4. Later versions. 'Sliding' enabled by a traveller on a wire span that holds the yard close to the mast when lowering and reefing. Note double halyards: peak and throat. The yard is raised with the throat halyard mainly and set close to the mast with the peak. Reefing is achieved by lowering the throat halyard and leaving the peak halyard set: yard remains vertical as it slides down. Richard Perry, of Perry's Sailmakers, Birkenhead, The Wirral, is credited with inventing #4 (version with jaws) in the 19th century.

a : Throat cheek blocks and halyards
b : Peak cheek blocks and halyards
c : block shackled to traveller
d : Span travellers
e : Wire spans
f : Gooseneck
g : Jaws on yard, held close to mast by parrel line & balls: no need for gooseneck.

5.



The halyard (left) is bent on to the yard with what appears to be a Topsail Halyard Bend (see 7. far right), unlike our small gunter yards now, on which it is fixed permanently about 1/3rd the way up the spar. A knot can be moved to suit reefing, of course.

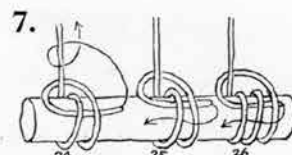
(6. Right) Another attempt to overcome the problem of the unrestrained, fixed single-halyard yard. A rope parrel is fitted to it and is loosened slightly to allow the yard to be moved, then tensioned fully after reefing by hauling down on the fall of the line, so bringing the yard close to the mast.

6.



(Right)

Ashley pictured these three together to show their close relationship, an anchor hitch and two yard hitches. (24) Fisherman's Bend (25) Studding-Sail Halyard Bend (26) Topsail Halyard Bend. (*The Ashley Book of Knots*, 1944, by Clifford W Ashley.)



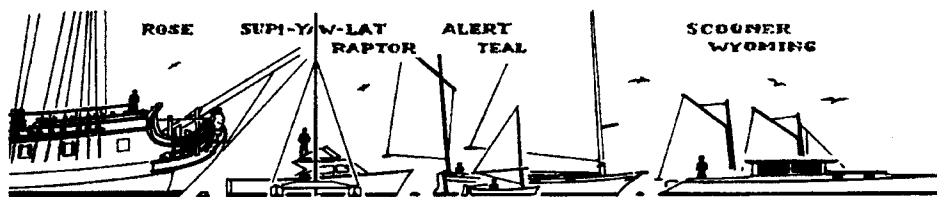
Of the last (a knot developed by yachtsmen) he says, 'The extra turn, like the extra tablespoonful of castor oil, is probably redundant.'

Often the wire span has been replaced by tracks on yards or on masts over time. For instance, see Howard Morgan's recent article in *Dinghy Cruising* and John Perry's own design, the *Grey Boat*, with its gunter rig that utilises the groove in a partially rotating mast rather than gaff jaws: <http://www.hostellerssailingclub.org.uk/boatbuild03.htm> There are many more variations I could include had I the space to do so! (Possibly the most important being the use of a second lower 'reefing halyard'.)

Text by KM, but most drawings on this page are from John Leather's classic, *Spritsails and Lugsails* (1979), which was preceded by the equally superb *Gaff Sail* (1970). I'll leave the last word to him:

'Those with experience of gunter rig tend to love it or loathe it. Many will anchor or pick up a mooring before attempting to lower or reef the sail.'

So if you do not need to do either, you are ahead of the game!



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
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Just what the world needs in keeping with the dubious phenomena in too many sports these days, a madly steroided-up "Bobcat." Phil and I found this simple study around a fair bit of excess rather stimulating. Affordable, and yet quite manic. Would make a bunch of costly carbon and mylar sleds look quite déclassé, since ever so common and plain in comparison to the flamboyance of beautiful varnished spars, curving laminations, just enough strings to control what would be raised as an implausible cloud of canvas on this affordable modest home built hull.

To recollect, the original "Bobcat" rig consisted of a single 110sf gaff sail with a foot measuring 13'2". The "Bobcat Sandbagger-12" gaff sloop rig would measure 250sf in sail area with the mast moved aft by 2' and the main's foot coming in at 16'6" beyond that. And while the original cockpit and deck layout imitated the Beetle Cats, we'd likely would have wanted to open the cockpit towards the mast.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"Bobcat Sandbagger 12"

Design #470

We proposed to still use that 12'3"x6" double chine hull, now well controlled by her 25" of end plated rudder bottom length. But by the time we added the "Sandbagger" signature strong and sharp vertical stem profile she'd gained 3" forward. And to manage this rig and hull geometry, the rudder had grown to some 3'3" in length. Obviously we did a smaller scale repeat of the initial idea of using a massively oversized rig on an otherwise reasonably unassuming hull.

It should be understood that Sandbaggers never could plane with lots of sand/gravel bags for ballast and muscular people to move these piles. Neither would this Bobcat hull!

However, every slightest whiff of air would be capitalized upon with the oversized canvas, with impressive/scary (?) spars extending far ahead and behind the hull and cats paws possibly producing chills down the spine.

Ultimate drama likely was to be found in the sobering prospects of the ballast bags not having been shifted to the high side fast enough, fortunately today pretty much just a matter of oversized crews shifting their...

To set up this sail plan, the mast grew from about 15' to 18', keeping the same diameter but growing two pairs of shrouds to support the mast. And to fly that 72sf club jib, the flat and curved A-frame bowsprit extended 8'7" ahead of the new stem face, making for a fearsome sight approaching and cutting across anyone's bow. We thought it would take a single bostay forward and two halfway towards the stem to pull it down into the correct profile curve against the pull of her jibs' leading edge. A separate headstay would be plausible and happily add to the growing mania of shrouds and stays.

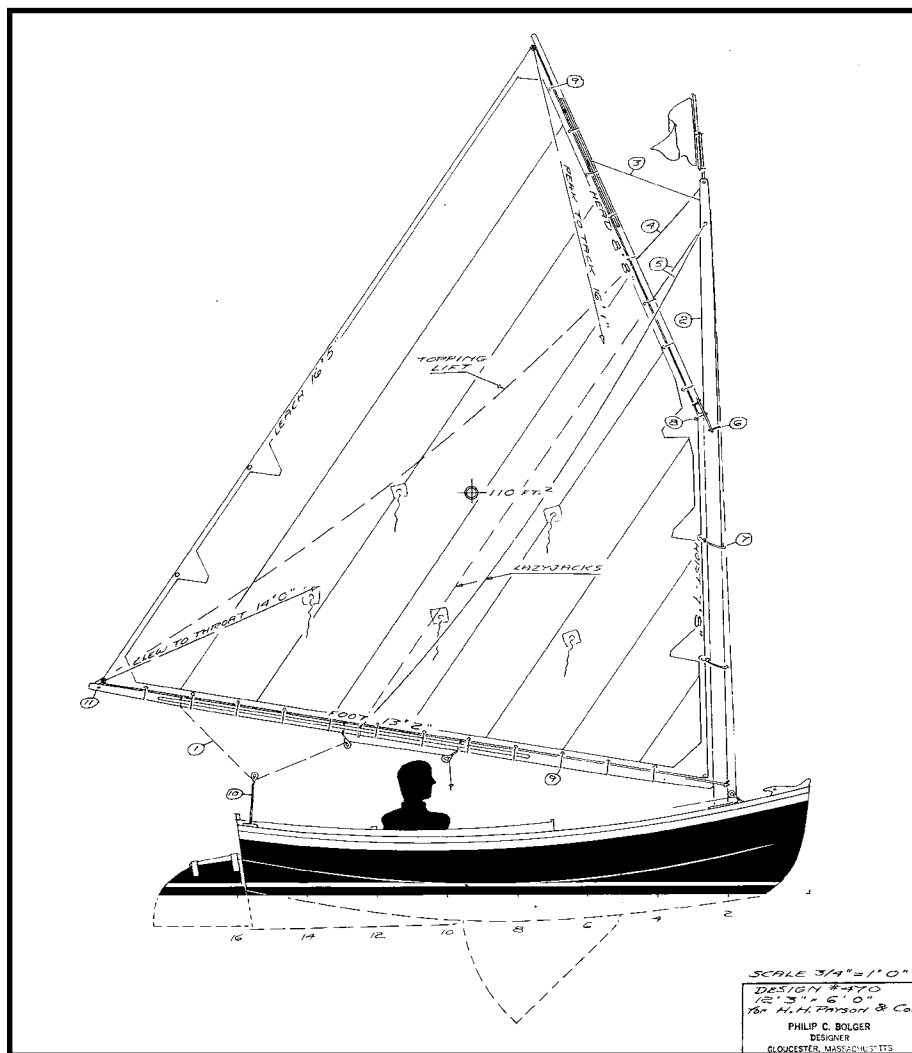
The boomkin aft extends out just 4'10" but offers its fair share of visual drama with its semi elliptical plan view and a stay each running to the transom corner at the upper chine to resist the pull of the sheet block. Both bowsprit and boomkin would be bolt-down removable elements to rapidly shrink her to live at a dinghy dock or on a trailer to the next regatta.

All these wire and rope geometries, including the routing of her mainsheet, would be subject to possibly quite serious discussions amongst inevitably growing numbers of "Sandbagger" Heads. After all, in keeping with the spirit of this proposal, one might as well take even just discussing such details way over the top.

Likely though, while this rig is fairly free from reasonable self restraint, certain sober structural and ergonomic adjustments will emerge with more thought and, of course, actual use. With all the involved standing and moving bits quite small, establishing final geometries and details with cheap dink stuff would be one way to approach this, with final grand decisions likely more along aesthetic lines such as the choices of going stainless versus bronze versus carbon, etc.

So, to produce epic battles, even on small waters, it would not take massive pocketbooks but savvy tactics and agile movement of hopefully heavy crew shifting just their weight, not that impossible to find anymore these days. Trapezes would be a no no, but pie plates were known to be used in the heydays of Sandbaggers when in lightest of airs even that massive sail plan did not suffice to remain competitive in every race.

It would be a sound assumption that applying this thinking to #589 Beachcat and her 15'1" x 6'6" hull could offer more folks to join the crew in the experience of this 'excess'. Not sure though whether we'd touch 400 sf of sail. On either Sandbagger-12 or -15, we'd likely want to look at a balanced rudder to not make spinach cans part of her ballast."





The newest design from build it yourself specialists Chesapeake Light Craft is the 18'3" Expedition Wherry. It's a fast, shapely vessel intended for sliding seat rowers who are looking for open water capability and enough payload for camp cruising. The Wherry is intended to be at home in rough or cold water, can handle a payload of more than 400lbs and includes plenty of watertight storage on board.

CLC owner John C. Harris has been designing, building and enjoying sliding seat boats for 27 years. Harris spent months tinkering with the hull shape looking for the best compromise between speed, payload and stability. "As soon as you're not competing with the racing shells, the design of a rowing boat becomes much more multi dimensional," Harris says. "Some of the characteristics that make a boat ideal for sprinting in flat water are completely at odds with performance in

CLC Expedition Wherry

waves. I added a lot of rocker, which gives the boat a nimble feel in waves."

Harris is especially proud of the bow shape. "I'm working within the limitations of a hull design intended for first time amateur boat builders. But I think I got the distribution of volume just right. It's quite fine down at the waterline, for speed and efficiency, but with a pronounced "shoulder" up near the deck to help the bow lift over waves."

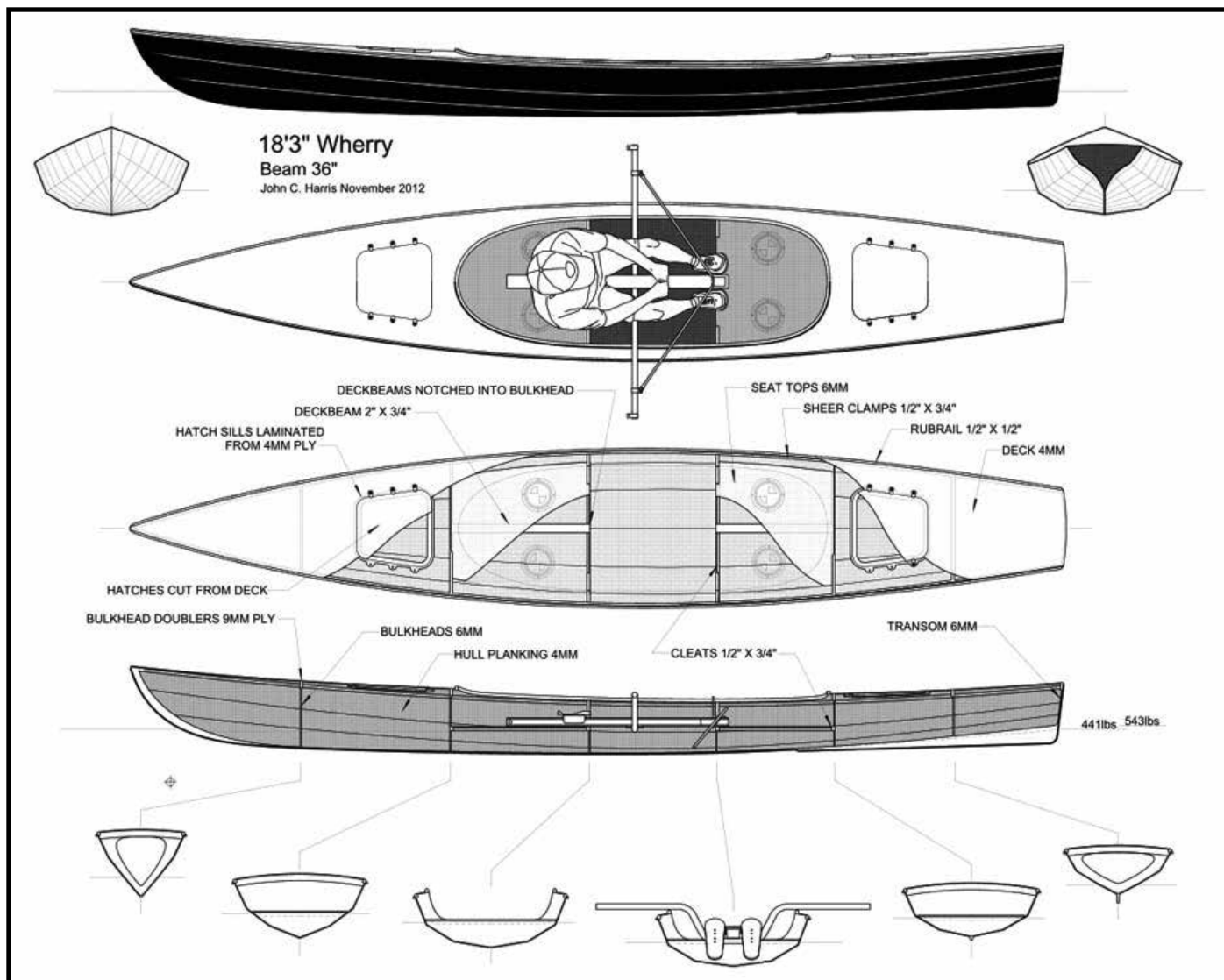
The Expedition Wherry is a multi chined plywood boat with a six panel hull reinforced by six bulkheads. The hull is mostly 4mm okoume plywood with fiberglass applied both inside and out. The computer cut kit is intricately designed and highly evolved with

first time builders in mind. An elaborate step by step instruction manual, with photos and drawings of every step, accompanies each kit. Plans are available for skilled builders working from scratch.

Most of the boat is decked over with only a small "sump" area amidships to gather bilge water. There are four separate watertight compartments, all accessible through hatches for gear storage. The boat has enough stability and buoyancy that it's possible to climb back into the cockpit after capsizing, bail out and continue.

The boat is too short for tandem rowers but will accommodate a passenger. Just loosen two wingnuts to move the sliding seat forward about 8" and the setup allows plenty of room for one's significant other, a rowing coach, kids or a dog.

As a single, the Expedition Wherry is fast. Harris accumulated GPS data while





Stability



Recovery

Capacity



studying different stroke rates. "At a gentle cruising pace, about 50% pressure and 22-23 strokes per minute, you're doing 4.5 knots, or just over 5mph," he says. "Even with a couple of long breaks you could cover 30 miles in a day, no problem." Picking up the pace for a sprint, Harris adds, "The boat is topping out for me, a non athlete, around 6.5 knots, or 7 1/2 mph. Stronger rowers will be faster."

The Expedition Wherry is a rugged backwoods cruiser, the waterborne equivalent of a mountain bike, with copious gear storage and the safety of watertight compartments for adventures in rough water.

For more information, visit the Chesapeake Light Craft website, clcboats.com/expedition.

What is a Wherry?

A "wherry" is a pulling boat that falls somewhere between the needle thin racing shells and wide, sailboat like rowboats. Wherries are the ride of choice for rowers who want speed but don't want to confine themselves to the placid rivers that are the natural haunt of a racing shell. The term "wherry" is English in origin. As early as the 1500s the word was used to describe the swift water taxis in use on the River Thames. The basic wherry shape, a narrow waterline flaring sharply above the water to gain stability as the boat heels or is loaded, has not been improved in 150 years.

CLC's Mission

Chesapeake Light Craft's mission is to help people build boats. Founded in 1991, CLC has shipped more than 24,000 wooden boat kits to more than 70 countries. Specializing for the amateur boat builder, CLC offers kits and plans for a huge variety of small craft that are easy to build, plus all of the lumber, hardware and supplies unique to boat builders. The range includes kayaks, canoes, dinghies, skiffs, rowing craft and sailboats from 8' to 31'. Educational programs are a large and growing facet of CLC's broad expertise. CLC develops and leads boat building classes all over the world for students of all ages and backgrounds.

Richard C. Newick 1927-2013

By Jim Brown

Like most pioneering multihull designers, Dick Newick began his work using flat sheet plywood and strip planking in his strongly performance oriented designs. He broke with the "plywood box" norm in 1971 when his trimaran *Three Cheers* was launched. This vessel utilized the cold molded construction method in her hulls and a one piece, totally integrated crosswise bridge or "wing aka" to connect the three hulls. *Three Cheers* had not only the sleekest, most sea kindly hulls imaginable but the wing aka, which resembled the top of a big boomerang, comprised the superstructure of the cabin and contained the bunks, galley and stowage areas. It was sculpted beneath to either deflect or decapitate onrushing wave crests and was integrated with the hulls to achieve a strikingly organic anatomy that seemed evolved by nature over eons.

This boat was almost shocking to behold. Looking both avian and pelagic, she also had a vaguely reptilian purposefulness about her. Whether roosting at the dock or streaking through the waves she just looked right for the job of showing the world how a small sailing craft could sustain very high speed in extremely rough water and awfully hard wind.

She had demonstrated her ability in some races, but while competing in the 1976 Observer Single-handed TransAtlantic Race (OSTAR), skipper Mike McMullen set her on the risky northern route to America and may have encountered ice. Fragments of the boat were found years later in a fishing trawl but Mike McMullen was never seen again. Newick, visibly distraught from the incident, said, "If you're going to play these rough games, somebody is going to get hurt." As with many revolutionaries *Three Cheers* led a checkered life and met a tragic demise, but her ongoing influence was pivotal.

Sailboat racing had by now become a major sport in France. The 1976 OSTAR was won officially by the venerated French superstar Eric Tabarly sailing his 73' monohull *Pen Duick VI*. Tabarly was actually beaten to the finish by the huge French monohull *Club Med*, a 236' juggernaut sailed, yes, single handed, by Alain Colas. Colas was penalized into fifth place but both vessels had taken about 24 days to cross from France. There was a large contingent of French journalists at the finish in Newport, Rhode Island, and this generated a lot of tricolor hoopla in the quiet harbor town.

To everyone's great surprise, only one day after celebrating the French achievements another boat appeared at the finish. It was a tiny Newick trimaran. Called the *Third Turtle*, she was in some ways the baby sister of *Three Cheers*. At only 31' long this VAL class production boat, essentially a daysailer, was sailed by the modest Canadian Mike Birch. At less than half the length of the official winner and about one-eighth the size of the juggernaut, she literally stole the show in the milestone event. Birch's tiny trimaran was described by at least one French journalist as "Zee reel winnaire." In a sense, the real winner was Dick Newick.

The French now began to stage their own transoceanic racing events. The first Route Du Rum race was run in 1978 from Saint Malo, France, to the island of Guadaloup in the Caribbean. Another French superstar sailor, Michael Malinofski, was sailing his *Kriter V* (sponsored by the French Campaign producer), a 68' monohull. As Malinofski approached the finish line, apparently far ahead of the fleet, again the redoubtable Mike Birch was seen also approaching in a very Newick-like 38' cold molded trimaran designed by Walter Greene named for this race *Olympus Photo*.

Kriter, at almost twice the length of *Olympus*, was holding a substantial lead but Birch surveyed his position and realized that the local conditions favored his trimaran. He also recalled that the race sponsors had put up a generous cash prize for the winner and he resolved to give it a go. Sailing in breezy head winds he overhauled the big monohull and after 23 days at sea finished first by 98 seconds! The event demonstrated that in order to win in such competition one must be sailing in something other than a monohull.

Then, when Phil Weld won the 1980 OSTAR, sailing at age 65 against 25 younger men in the 50' Newick designed, cold molded trimaran *Moxie*, France went multihull crazy. In trying to identify the root cause of the French enthusiasm, nautical historian Richard Boehmer has drawn attention back to Dick Newick and his *Three Cheers*. In Boehmer's words, "I think it was not just the speed but also the beauty of Newick's boats that so strongly stimulated the aesthetic sensibilities of the French. After *Three Cheers* and *Moxie* they jumped into multihulls with an investment of talent and commercial sponsorship that has led to their three decade dominance in both ocean racing and production multihulls."

As a measure of the advances in modern sailing technology made recently by French multihulls, consider these trans Atlantic records: The first OSTAR, held in 1960, was won by Englishman Sir Francis Chichester who crossed by monohull in 40 days 13 hours. The present single handed record for this east west course was set in 2004 by Frenchman Michael Desjoyeaux sailing a trimaran at eight days eight hours. The west-east record set in 1905 by Captain Charlie Barr in the schooner *Atlantic*, a record which stood for 75 years, was 12 days four hours, and the current record set in 2007 by the French trimaran *GroupAMA3* stands at four days four hours.

While this may be stretching the point, the writer believes that the influence of Dick Newick's wooden boats, *Three Cheers* in particular, was so far reaching that nothing in the sailing world will ever be the same again. Even the next Americas Cup will be sailed in multihulls! By breaking the barriers of both performance and acceptance, Dick Newick can be called the Chuck Yeager of multihulls.



After a lifetime of boating in all kinds of watercraft, I felt the need for yet another boat. This time I wanted a small, car toppable boat that I could easily take with me as I traveled around the country. I'm now over 65 years of age and not as strong as I used to be, so the boat had to be very light if I was going to be able to lift it onto the car without help. It also couldn't be so big and bulky that it would kill my car's gas mileage when I traveled long distances with it. And finally, I wanted it to be fast. I wanted it to plane with a motor small enough to be carried on the bicycle rack on the back of my car. That meant a motor no larger than my little 3hp Mercury, which weighs just 28lbs.

For years I had seen the ads for Porta-Bote's little folding boat. The ads said that the longest and heaviest boat they made only weighed about 50lbs, well within my ability to lift it onto the car. The ads also said that the Porta-Bote was only 4" thick when folded. That would give it about as much drag as a surfboard when carried on a car. What's more, they claimed a Porta-Bote would reach amazing speed with just a very small motor. It looked like this was the boat for me, so I bought one of their 10' models with the then new square stern. I've used the boat a lot over the years and have learned some useful information.

First, I'm happy to tell you that the Porta-Bote really is fast. With one person aboard and with all extra weight kept forward, my little Mercury can easily plane the boat at about half throttle, and at full throttle it can reach speeds of around 10mph. Unfortunately, 3hp just isn't enough to plane the boat with two people aboard, it'll take about 5hp to do that. However, care must be taken when using that much power. With just one person aboard, that 5hp is capable of pushing the boat at speeds above 20mph. There is a picture of one doing just that in one of their brochures.

The problem is that the Porta-Bote is very stable and doesn't lean much into a turn. Instead, it wants to corner flat, and even with my 3hp motor the outer chine sometimes digs in on high speed turns. When this happens it puts a lot of centrifugal force on the people sitting in the boat. I would guess that a tight turn at 20mph could be very exciting. It pays to be careful using a larger motor until used to how the boat reacts.

The advertisements are also correct when they say the boat folds to only 4" thick, but only if the plywood seats and transom are not folded in with the boat. My seats were covered on top with thick foam flotation and were so bulky that it was almost impossible to fit them into the folded boat. Worse, when I finally did get them folded in, I found it was difficult to tie them in such a way that nothing would slide out. I found it much easier to just put the seats and transom in the car. Doing that had the advantage of making the boat much lighter and easier to lift onto the car, but those seats and transom take up a lot of room in the trunk.

The Porta-Bote people are happy to say their boat is flexible. They say it makes their boats more seaworthy because they give a little with each wave, but flexibility can be a problem when getting into or out of the boat. Standing on the bottom is like standing on a water bed and the flexible gunwales don't provide much to grab onto to maintain balance.

The Amazing Porta-Bote

By John Ulmer



I also found that opening and closing the boat takes a fair amount of strength and agility, particularly in colder weather. The boat simply does not like to change its shape. I was thrown to the ground a few times as I learned to open and close mine, and some older people might not be able to do it at all. Letting the boat warm in the sun makes the whole operation a lot easier.

The boat comes with an opening stick. It is simply a 1"x3" board that has notches in each end. This holds the boat open until the seats are installed. Opening the boat without the opening stick should not be attempted.



With one person aboard, I found the boat to be very dry at planing speed. Even in a chop, the boat just bounces over the waves, forcing the spray down toward the water. However, at lower speeds, with two people aboard, the bow hits every little wave and a lot of water splashes back on the person sitting in the forward seat.

The Porta-Bote comes complete with a set of aluminum oars and it rows easily and tracks fairly well, but my 10' boat is just too small to row with two people aboard. There simply isn't enough room between the middle and rear seats to get in a full stroke with the oars, my hands keep bumping the other person's chest. Even alone, I find that the oar locks are placed too close to the middle seat for me to really get my back into my strokes. That said, using a short rowing stroke, I have rowed my boat a couple of miles, just as it was designed, without undue strain. The 12' boat, with more space between the seats, may not have this problem.

I improved the rowing position on my boat by placing a board wide enough to sit on between the middle and front seats. This allows me to sit a few inches forward of the middle seat and get a full stroke with the oars. The picture has this board in the wrong place for rowing. I use the board in this position to let me sit a little farther forward when I'm running the motor alone. Moving my weight forward gets the boat on plane faster.



For sailors of bigger boats, the big question is whether the Porta-Bote would make a good tender and I'm not sure that it does. Porta-Botes are certainly light and easy to tow, but there is no good place to attach the painter. There are a couple of reinforced holes in the bow where a line can be attached, but the brochure shows a picture of a Porta-Bote being towed that way and it seems to be veering off to the side. Attaching the painter closer to the waterline might fix the problem, but there is no way to attach it there. In reality, this may be less of a problem than it seems, as many owners say their Porta-Botes tow very well.

Of course, there is always the option of folding the boat and storing it on deck or, in the case of the shorter versions, even down below on a bunk, but I'm not sure I'd want to be the guy trying to open or close one of these boats on the foredeck of a small sailboat.

I have no way of knowing just how seaworthy a Porta-Bote is. I've never had mine out in really rough weather, but I have taken it the full length of Annapolis's Severn River on a warm Sunday afternoon and lived to tell the tale. If it could survive the wakes of all those mega yachts racing up and down the river, it ought to survive anything.

I'm very pleased with my Porta-Bote. It serves my needs very well but, as always, there were a few things I thought could be improved:

Improvement 1

There is no place to attach a line to the back of the boat and there is no place to grab the stern to pick it up. I cured both problems by attaching a few handles to the inside of the plywood transom of the boat.

Improvement 2

In a boat this small, it's important to sit as near the center of the boat as possible, but I noticed that if I did, the motor would be directly behind me, making it difficult to use the tiller. My solution was to move the motor bracket to one side and place the motor off-center. The motor is much easier to use from its new location and it has no effect on the boat's performance.

Improvement 3

After a few high speed runs, I found that the prop would often cavitate, which caused the engine to race while all forward progress would come to a quick halt. At first I thought the prop wasn't deep enough in the water, so I made the cutout in the transom 2" lower to put more prop in the water, but that didn't cure the problem. Then I noticed that the boat's transom flexed enough under full power for the shaft of the motor to hit the stern of the boat. At rest everything looked properly adjusted, but when the boat was running at full speed, I could see that it touched. To move the motor shaft away from the boat, I simply tilted the motor as far away from the

stern of the boat as I could. To my surprise, I found that this also cured the cavitation problem. I think the shape of the boat's bottom traps some air when moving at high speed and that is what caused the cavitation problem. By adjusting the motor bracket for more tilt, I put the prop in less disturbed water.

Improvement 4

Concrete boat ramps are not the best place to assemble a Porta-Bote. The ramp is blocked while assembling the boat and the concrete will scratch the boat. Instead, I find some grassy spot near the ramp and put the boat together there. Porta-Bote sells a nifty two wheeled cart to get the boat to water but I made my own which is much smaller and cost me almost nothing. With my cart I can easily push the boat all over the parking lot and even pull it up and down long steep boat ramps without help. The cart is small enough that I can take it with me on the boat so I have it handy when I come back to the ramp. I just slide the boat onto the cart and wheel it back to the car. All very quick and easy.



Improvement 5

A really nice discovery was that I could transport my boat, fully assembled, on my little 4'x8' utility trailer. I put a plywood bottom on the trailer and padded the sides and now the boat just slides on and off. The boat rides better on the trailer when it goes on stern first, which means that the motor cannot be left on the boat. The solution was to attach a bracket for the motor on the trailer tongue and carry the motor and gas there. Because the boat flexes, it cannot be tied down tightly. I just tie the stern securely to the front of the trailer and put a fairly loose line over the boat in the back. The boat bounces a little going down the road, but I have yet to see it cause any damage.



Improvement 6

This isn't really an improvement to the boat, it's just a better way to car top it. Car topping any boat with one of today's modern cars isn't easy. Even with one of those new style roof racks that don't need a rain gutter, there just isn't enough space between the front and rear roof racks to keep the boat

from blowing sideways in the wind. In the old days the bow and stern would be tied to the car's bumpers and that would take care of the problem, but modern cars don't have bumpers to which anything can be tied.

My solution was to use just one roof rack to support the front of the boat, and then I made a bracket out of 2"x2"s that I could attach to my bicycle rack that fits into the trailer hitch on my car. This supports the back of the boat. That way I have enough space between the roof racks to properly carry the boat, and as a bonus it provides a place to carry the motor and gasoline without smelling up the inside of the car. In the picture, the plastic bucket hanging from the carrier contains a 1gal can of gas. To discourage thieves when I'm traveling, I use a long cable to lock the motor to something solid on the car. If it's an overnight trip, I take the motor into the motel with me.



All in all, the Porta-Bote is a versatile and enjoyable way to get on the water. The more I use mine, the more I appreciate it. Because it is so easy to take along, I've been able to explore a lot of interesting water that I otherwise would have had to view from shore.

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19TH CENTURY PAPER BOATS

VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE

The commencement of our serialization of Bishop's "Voyage of the Paper Canoe" has already elicited reader responses. Ken Cupery of Rochester, NY, is involved in the paper industry technology and comments as follows:

"I heard from Walter Fullam that you are serializing Bishop's book on his voyage in a paper canoe. When I returned from vacation and looked at the latest issue of "Boats" this was confirmed. I'm delighted to learn that this story will now receive much wider circulation, but with mixed emotions as I ended up spending close to \$75 for my original copy.

For several years I have been researching a work on 19th century paper technology for utilitarian applications (not for recording written or printed words but for boats, railroad car wheels, observatory domes and more!). I am happy to defend my title as western New York's expert in this field, if not the western world's, but then, who else cares about this obscure subject?

Of particular interest to me, due to my love for and long term interest in canoes, has been the firm of E. Waters & Sons of Troy, NY, and their wonderful canoes, boats and rowing shells. I enclose a draft of a short article I wrote on the subject for the newsletter of the Museum of the Institute for Paper Chemistry in Wisconsin. I thought readers commencing on Bishop's adventure on your pages might find some of this interesting background material on his craft. I also hope to perhaps elicit response from any readers knowledgeable on the subject. I am still lacking further "sightings" of 19th century paper boats."

Anyone wishing to correspond with Ken on this subject can contact him at 400 Westminster Rd., Rochester, NY 14607.

To appreciate why the manufacture of paper boats was a reasonable thing to be doing in the 19th Century we need to step back mentally into the 1860's when the Fourdrinier machine had just recently been reduced to common practice in the United States, and alternative pulp materials such as wood were first finding widespread acceptance. There was available, for the first time, an increasingly inexpensive sheet material in continuous rolls that could be formed, molded, compressed, and otherwise processed as a "construction" material. In a world that did not have plastics and composite materials, paper found a new popularity in a wide variety of uses. Applications included diverse items such as shirt collars, coffins, and railroad car wheels. It is important to recognize that these were not "oddities", but in the mainstream of technology of the 19th Century. This time was declared to be, in a British Music Hall song of the 1860's, "The Age of Paper". (Words and music available on request) (the lithographic cover of "The Age of Paper" is in the DHPM ed.)

One of the more unlikely products of this period was a line of paper boats and rowing shells, produced by Elisha Waters & Sons of Troy, NY from 1867 to 1901. Young George Waters, (one of the sons-of the "and Sons"), conceived of the idea while patching a rowing shell by pasting and varnishing several layers of manila paper obtained from his father's box factory over the defective area. The result was so successful that he proposed to form an entire boat by laminating sheets of paper over an existing hull as a mold. The first craft constructed by this technique was completed in 1867 and christened "The Experiment". A patent was obtained in 1868, (re-issued in 1869), and in 1869 the listing in the Troy, NY city directory for the Waters box factory is replaced by "Waters & Balch, Manufacturers of Paper Boats", (later to become E. Waters & Sons).

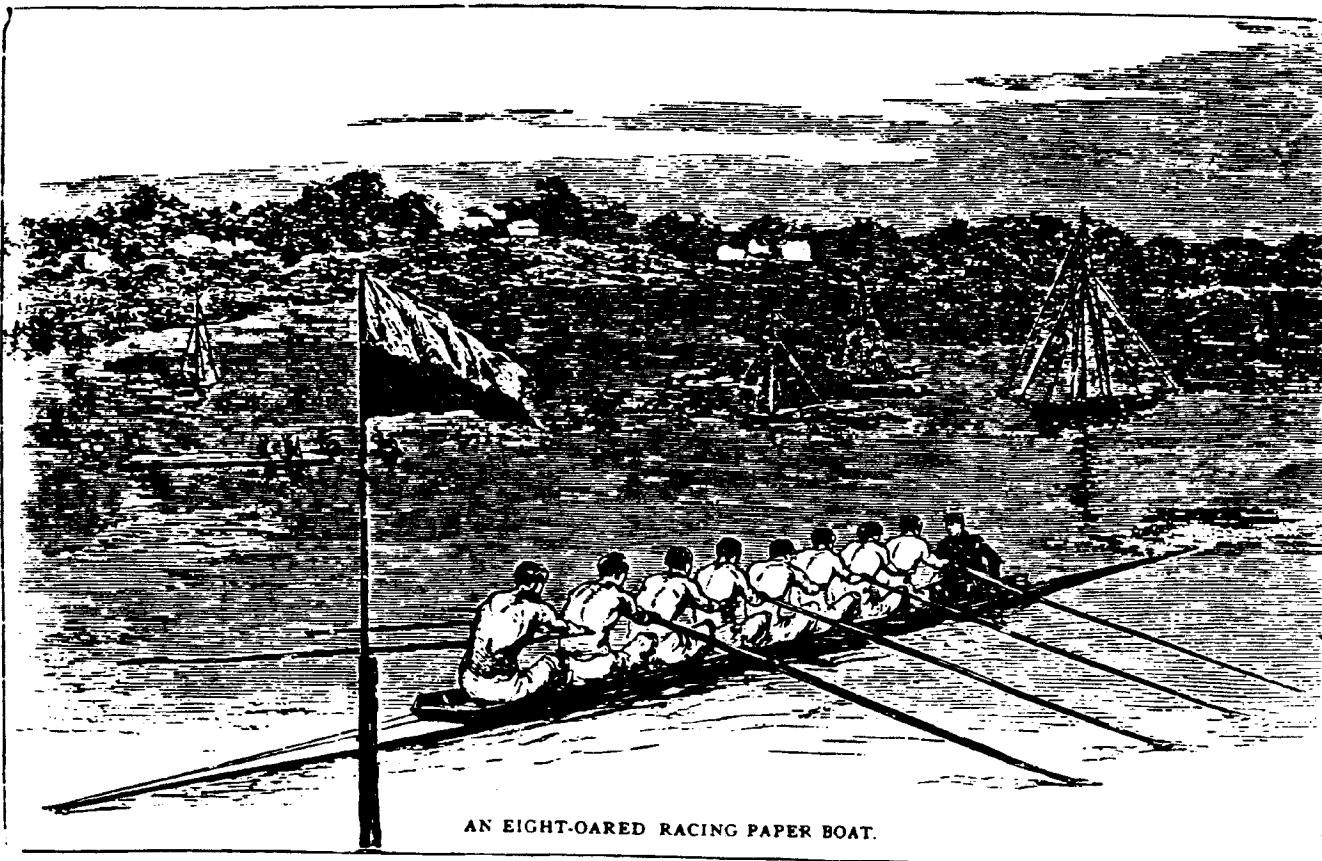
To manufacture rowing shells, a solid wooden mold was first constructed to resemble an upside-down hull. Tacking strips were attached below the mold to secure the paper and grooves were cut into the mold to accept gunwales and keel, (which would be removed from the mold with the completed paper hull). A single sheet of damp paper was stretched over the mold and tacked in place. Slits which were required at bow and stern to obtain a fit and would later be covered by metal stem and stern guards. For rowing

shells, a manila paper was used from the firm of Manning & Paine in Troy, or Hollingsworth & Vose of East Walpole, Massachusetts. (This paper should not be confused with commercial 'manila' papers available today, which usually have no hemp content.) Three layers of 0.015" thick manila were used for the hull with a suitable adhesive, such as a fish or hide glue, between layers. For more utilitarian craft, where weight was of less concern and durability of greater concern, only a single sheet of 1/8" to 1/10" thick linen paper was used. The linen paper was obtained, still wet in roll form, from a Crane Mill that existed at that time in Westfield, MA. . . After drying, the hulls were removed from the mold and treated with a proprietary "waterproofing process" (probably a treatment with shellac and/or varnish). Final steps involved fitting the hull skin with ribs, (or in the case of rowing shells a light framework to support the hull), seats, decks, and other final "fitting out".

By 1875 Waters listed 36 different rowing shells in their catalogue from single shells to eight oared models. They were used by professional rowers of the day and by major collegiate teams such as the U.S. Naval Academy, Princeton, and Columbia. According to published race results, the paper craft were quickly and widely accepted by the racing community throughout the U.S. and abroad. In 1875 the New York Daily Graphic credited Waters with having the "largest boat factory in the United States". The rowing shells were in common use until at least the end of the century. In addition to rowing shells, there was a less extensive offering of canoes and rowboats, from a 14' single-person Rob Roy canoe to a 45' six oared "Pleasure Barge" which seated 17 people in addition to the rowers! The most massive paper boat was probably an experimental steam launch built for Westinghouse and shipped to them in Pittsburgh in 1883. The hull was formed from double layers of linen paper and was made in two halves which were bolted together along the keel line. The eventual fate of this craft remains unknown.

A paper canoe acquired a degree of publicity in 1872 when a young newspaper reporter, Julius Chambers, took a Waters craft from the source of the Mississippi at Lake Itasca in Minnesota, to St. Louis. During his trip through what was still a wilderness area, he wrote reports to the NY Herald to as-

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AN EIGHT-OARED RACING PAPER BOAT.

sist in financing his expedition. Greater fame was achieved by Nathaniel Bishop in 1874 when he travelled down the East Coast from Troy, NY to Cedar Key, Florida in one of Waters' canoes. He subsequently exhibited his canoe at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and wrote a book which was appropriately titled, "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe". This book details the trip and the boat construction and can be found in larger libraries in rare book collections or in microfilm. In its time it achieved a degree of popularity and was apparently often used as an academic or Sunday school prize. It still makes interesting reading today.

In later years the firm expanded its line of paper products, becoming by 1890 the "Waters Paper Construction Company" with an additional office address on Broadway in New York City. They proudly displayed as the central feature on their letterhead their most mas-

sive product, a 30' diameter observatory dome built for the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. It, and a number of similar domes, were built by forming the thick linen paper over molds of individual dome segments which were then bolted together. The West Point dome contained over 2,000 lbs of paper.

A fire, which destroyed the boat molds, caused the demise of the firm in 1901. The fire was accidentally set when George Waters, using a gasoline blowtorch, was applying finishing touches to a shell ordered by Syracuse University. Thus George was, alas, responsible for the birth and death of what had been for at least 20-30 years a prosperous industry. Of the many craft built by Waters, (the exact number is not known), only three surviving examples have been located. There is a 14' rowboat in storage at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Moun-

tain Lake, NY and two 30' rowing shells in the local history museums in Troy, NY and Hammondsport, NY. There are a number of amateur practitioners of the paper canoe art today and one actually retraced Bishop's route in the fall of 1983.

Unfortunately, compromises have had to be made to adapt modern papers to a task where the 19th Century paper is actually more appropriate. Their (and my) results often look suspiciously like canoes built from left-over grocery bags whereas one contemporary observer of a Waters' rowing shell described it as looking like "...polished steel ...and finished as beautifully as a piano body". This craftsmanship is evident on the two shells available for inspection today.

The Peculiar Character Of The Paper Boat - The Great Victories Won By Paper Over Wooden Shells In 1876

After all the uses to which paper has been put during the last twenty years, the public is yet hardly convinced that the flimsy material, paper, can successfully take the place of wood in the construction of light pleasure-boats, canoes, and racing shells. Yet the idea has become an accomplished fact. The success of the victorious paper shells of the Cornell College crews, which were enlisted in the struggles of two seasons at Saratoga, against no mean antagonists, the college crews of the United States, surely proves that in strength, stiffness, speed, and fineness of model, the paper boat is without a rival. When used in its own peculiar sphere, the improved paper boat will be found to possess the following merits: less weight, greater strength, stiffness, durability, and speed than a wooden boat of the same size and model; and the moulded paper shell will retain the delicate lines so essential to speed, while the brittle wooden shell yields more or less to the warping influences of sun and moisture. (Contemporary commentary in 1876.Ed.)

Having decided on the basic idea of a small, three-hull boat with a planing center hull and two windsurfer sails side by side, I now needed to find what parts I could use that were readymade and then make the rest. That sounded simple enough, like a lot of complicated things do.

The center hull was the first challenge. I looked really hard at available hull shapes; kayak, sailboat, windsurfer, standup paddle boards, even surf skis. Basically kayaks don't plane, sailboats are too big and don't fully plane, standup boards don't have much rocker or decent skeg mounts and surf skis are too long, too delicate and too expensive. In fact, my impression of a surf ski after looking at one and talking to the owner, was that they structurally resemble a long potato chip and have the side to side stability of a unicycle.

What was left? Windsurfer hulls with sufficient flotation, not too wide, not too heavy. I looked at the classifieds on iwindsurf.com and found an older Mistral 12' board that was light and reasonably cheap, but it was in Arizona. After several emails and some good cooperation from the seller, the board got a ride out to Brisbane, California (the San Francisco Airport freight terminal) and I drove up there to the warehouse to pick it up.

Renegade

Part 3: Major Parts

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net

The forklift guy appeared with a quite large bubble wrapped package on a pallet. Much to the driver's amazement, it was very light (38lbs) and I tossed it up on my truck rack. Back home, everything looked in order except it came with a daggerboard and no skeg (fin). The seller couldn't find the fin so I would have to measure the fin box the hard way (inside) to make an adaptor to act as mount for the rudder system.

For the outboard hulls (the amas) I looked around several places. There are floats and amas available for canoe/kayak outriggers, there are plans for building amas in wood and there are even some folks using PVC pipe sections for amas. And, of course, outboard hulls can be custom made in foam/fiberglass for major money.

Finally I decided on a pair of amas that were spare parts for the Hobie Adventure Island. They were about the right size, had convenient mounting and handles and were fairly light and rugged. I found a pair through the local Hobie dealer in Santa Cruz.

Next I found some old rudder parts in my collection that could be modified to work and also was fortunate to find some usable leeboard stuff, including some hardware and mounts from previous experiments with a Bic windsurfer.

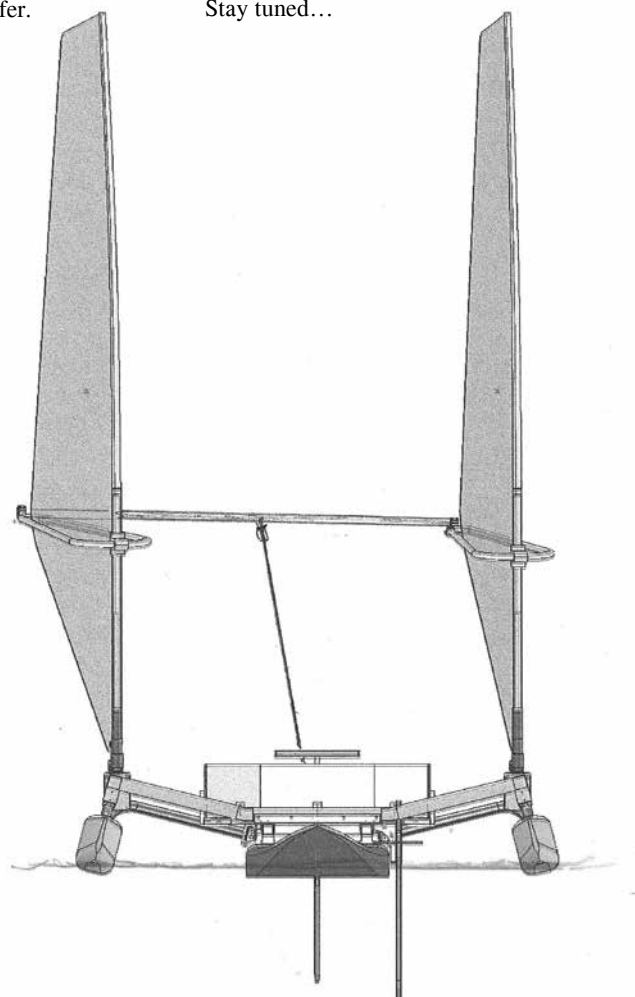
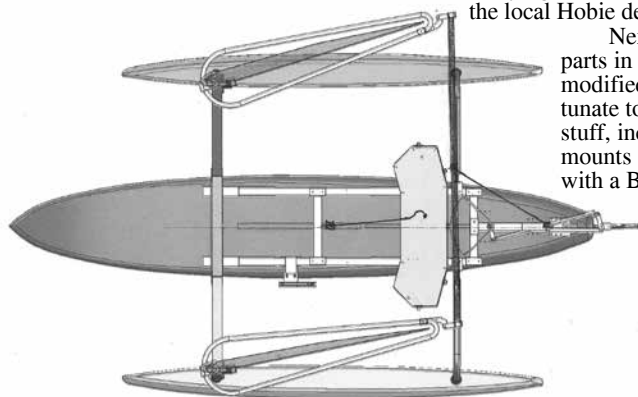
The last big piece of the major parts puzzle was the sails/masts/booms. From playing around with kids' sail kits in the past, I knew they were well made but cheaper than the sails made for adults and occasionally could be had at a discount, so I searched around and found a pair of Chinook 3.5m sail kits from a local dealer. They came with masts, booms and mast feet in addition to the sails, so there would be some adapting, but all the parts were there.

But what about the frame, seat, tiller, akas, rigging, all the details, etc? These would have to be designed and made in my home shop, which is pretty well equipped for metalwork but somewhat sketchy on woodworking. I had a leftover copy of *Solidworks* from my working days as a mechanical engineer, set about measuring the parts I had collected and began constructing my sailcraft in cyberspace.

To most people this would seem like a diversion and waste of time, but hey, isn't that what retirement is for? And sometimes doing it in 3D design space catches some big boo boos before I screw up the real parts. At least that was how I encouraged myself. So I typed and clicked away for a fair number of hours and came up with a design. It's not heavily detailed in some areas, particularly on the hull shapes, but it gets the idea across.

I have yet to design Cardboard Man in 3D. So far he's just a cylinder shaped 170lb weight I can move around on the hull.

In the next article I get down to the gritty old making of parts and fitting things together, hoping with fingers crossed that I can get something on the water by April Stay tuned...



One of the problems that arises from reading a number of boating and handicraft magazines is something sticks in my mind but I cannot remember the source. One such item was on using the old formula anti-freeze to kill wood rot by pouring it on (or into) the infected area. The soluble solution evaporated and the chemicals killed the wood rot fungus. Once everything had dried out, the wood could be sealed (if things were not too deteriorated).

Another time, I read about misting Thompson's Water Seal on ink jet printed maps/charts to keep the ink from running if the material got wet. Some experimentation showed that the idea worked quite well. Even using a garden hose to soak the map, the ink stayed and the map/chart was usable. Of course, when dry, the sprayed paper made a good fire starter.

Then there was the item about turning a sanding belt inside out to "round off" a piece of wood. I used that idea the other day to smooth a wood plug to fit the hole using a broken belt (what, throw something away?). I wish I could cite sources, but all I have at this point is a usable technique for use as needed.

Oh yes, I found by experimentation that the old formula Wood Life would pick fiberglass cloth off of wood very nicely. Paint it on, leave it for a while and then peel the fiberglass cloth/glass off the wood quite nicely. I got the idea when someone wrote a letter to the editor about the product "etching" their fiberglass hull from a "dribble" while sealing some wood on the boat.

One can also learn from one's friends. Back in the early 1970s I was going to paint the hulls of our Tornado with a two part epoxy paint. A chemistry student in the yacht club heard me talking about the project and the problem of leftover paint setting up. He suggested that when I was finished for the day, I seal the paint can and put it in the freezer. When I was ready to continue painting, take it out, let it warm up a bit, use a mechanical stirrer and continue painting. The idea worked quite well and I was able to do the hulls with no paint loss from the paint setting up in the can between coats.

I saw a special PVC pipe cutter and wondered why wouldn't a copper pipe cutter do the same thing. The next time I needed to cut a small diameter PVC pipe, I got out my copper pipe cutter and with a couple of rounds had a cleanly cut PVC pipe. The other day I needed some hose for my boat's engine. The supply house staff pulled out a Gates hose cutter and snipped the hose just as nice as you please. I bought the cutter along with the hose.

A speaker was talking about training dogs to "do their thing" on a boat by using absorbent pads as a training aid. The pad is waterproof on the bottom and edges with an absorbent material on the top. It is also very handy when working on engine parts. Lay it out and put the parts on the absorbent material to hold the oil and grease. When done, wrap it up and dispose of it properly, no muss, no fuss and a clean work area.

What brought all of the above to mind was the need to enlarge a hole I had drilled in our boat's cockpit sole to find the "soft spot" that had appeared. The idea was to drill the hole with a core drill to see what was going on. The biggest core drill I own is only 4" in diameter. Using it, I drilled through the fiberglass sheath and the 1" of plywood underneath. The wood core and



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

surrounding surface of the hole were quite dry and good. Further inspection found that the wood seemed to be soft along the joint with the hull and the giv was in the middle of the span between the hull and the engine box structure.

While considering the next step, I needed to fill in the hole I had created. My first thought was to cover the outside of the plug with glue and reinsert it. The second idea, since further work would be needed, was to enlarge the hole to 4.25" (standard inspection port size) and install an inspection port as a temporary seal to the hole. A member of the yacht club had a core drill of the proper size and the same make as my 4" drill. To enlarge the hole, I was going to use a technique I read about, inserting the pilot drill into the 4" diameter wood with the 4.25" core drill already in place. The original piece of wood serves as the guide for the new, larger hole creation project. Instead, I mounted the 4" hole cutter inside the 4.25" hole cutter and had a firm fit to drill out the hole to the larger size. This was possible due to the mounting arrangement created by the manufacturer of the cutter (Blu Mol) mandrel.

The heat exchanger on my Westerbeke diesel was getting green around the edges. I pulled the exchanger and removed the ends to check things out while I cleaned the outside of the device. I found a number of the tubes plugged with white "crud." It seems that the sacrificial anode zinc had disintegrated and meshed into the holes in the tubes. To clean things out, I used a small diameter dowel stick and then washed the inside of both ends to remove what had been displaced by the dowel stick. The engine will probably run a bit cooler now.

And a bit of trivia, a major controlling factor on the size (height) of the boat making the Great Loop is the height of a bridge on the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal which is about 19', the lowest bridge on the Loop. Sailboat masts, or the height of boats making the loop, must be shorter than this to complete the Loop. Thus, if planning to go that way, check the clearance of your boat. One of my friends had this type of problem going up a local river. He waited for a low enough tide to just float the boat and be low enough to go under the bridge. It worked! The other option, also used by some of my friends with small boats, was to let in enough water to "sink" the boats low enough to get under the bridge and then pump out on the other side.



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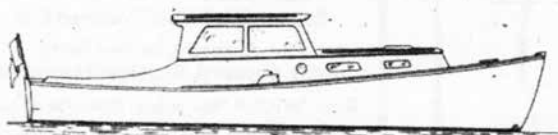
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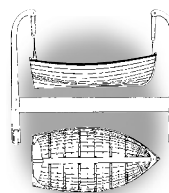
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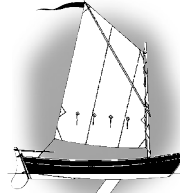
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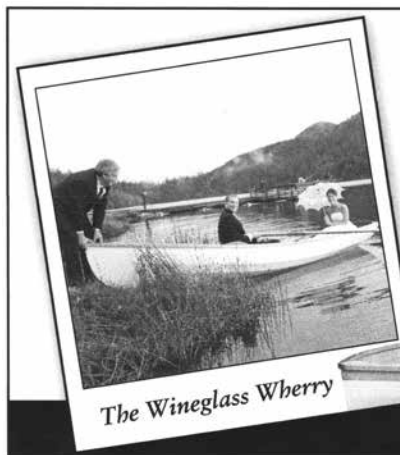
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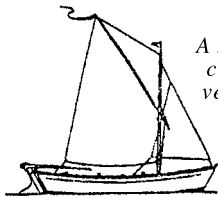


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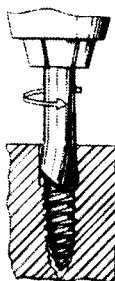
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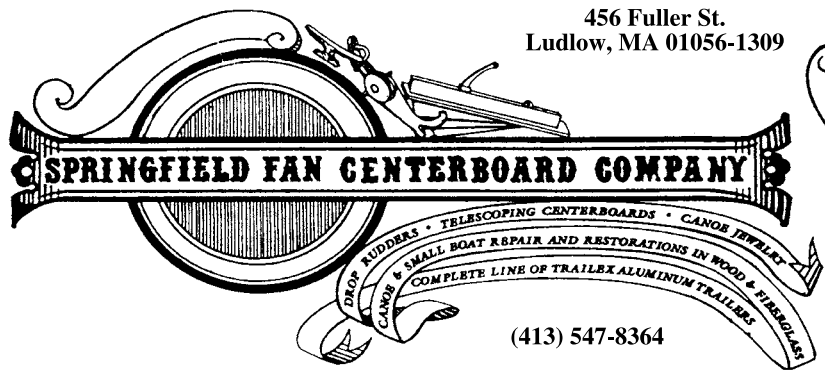
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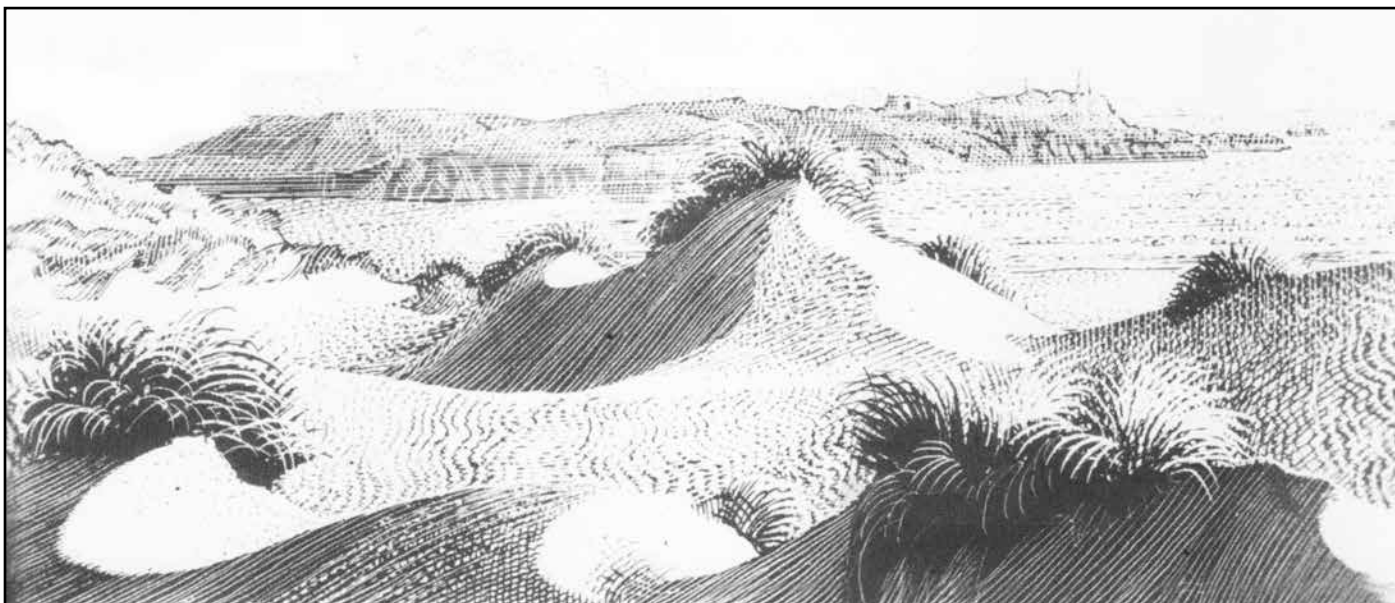
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Tom arises two hours early each workday to make up a set of wreaths before heading off to his work in the family construction business.



Stephanie recently left her job to devote full time to running First Harbor, here she weaves in a bright red Christmas ribbon.

Stephanie showing a restored antique child's chair with its new ropework seat.



Tom Peach and his fiancée, Stephanie Peace, have a nice little nautical business going in old Marblehead, Massachusetts. They handcraft New England Rope Wreaths, traditional nautical rope work, as First Harbor Company. First Harbor was the name of a small cove nestled between two islands off the shore nearby to their home, now known as Little Harbor and Doliber Cove. Both Tom and Stephanie can trace back to some of Marblehead's earliest days. Peach says his family settled in town in 1630; likewise, Peace says she's related to the Doliber family.

Both Tom and Stephanie take great pride in the heritage of independence and hard work handed down to them, they produce all their handmade products in Marblehead using nautical skills passed down through generations.

Tom made his first wreath a long time ago with a bunch of rope he found on the beach and gave it to his parents as a gift. Others soon wanted one and he'd make a few more. When some of Stephanie's friends and family members wanted them it ended up being something Tom thought was a fun thing to do and it turned out Stephanie found it something she'd like to do, too.

Working out of their home which Tom, a carpenter and stonemason by trade, is currently renovating, the couple creates New England inspired, handcrafted holiday wreaths, dog collars and leashes using nautical rope that they twist into decorative knots. They sell their wreaths via an online website and through various vendors in town. They are also venturing into ropework reseating of antique chairs.

Their raw material, rope, comes from a ropeworks in Maine or from repurposed used lobster pot warps which Tom acquires by offering a swap of new rope for old to local lobstermen. When the rope gets narrowed down from use, lobstermen can't put it through the haulers on their boats anymore because it starts to slip, becomes weak and could snap. Peach feels the repurposed rope gives a wreath character and it makes it look like it has a story to tell.

Together their handcrafted products represent and incorporate Marblehead's heritage from its hardworking citizens to its fishing industry.

To learn more go to: www.FirstHarbor-Company.com.

A row of antique chairs sitting in the sun drying out from initial pressure washing.



Christmas wreath on your front door...



On the bow of your boat...

On the door of your shop.



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19'6" Rescue Minor Skiff, by William Atkin. Launched March '09. Shallow draft (8"). Hull is composite encapsulated w/epoxy, outside hull & decks covered w/6oz cloth for low maintenance. Frames trim grade KDAT southern yellow pine bronze fastened (yes, Virginia, shelves & deck beams fastened w/HD galvanized bolts). Chines & sheer clamps steam bent yellow poplar. Stem, box deadwood, engine beds all 2" mahogany. Hull planking fir marine plywood sides 3/4" (2 layers 3/8"), keel 1-1/2" (2 layers 3/4"). Engine Yanmar 3GM20, 20 shaft hp, 2.61 reduction gear. 13" 3-blade bronze prop protected by grounding shoe. Bronze stern tube & PY1 drip-less packing gland. Custom tiller steering. 26gal welded aluminum diesel tank. Fuel consumption less than 1/2gph. Battery is Interstate Group 27 w/main switch. Electrical bonding system. Wiring connectors heat shrunk tagged & numbered. 2 bilge pumps, 1 manual, 1 automatic/manual. Florida title & registration. Ritchie Power Damp compass, Garmin GPS 182 Color. Navigation lights, horn, fuel gauge, rod holders, rod storage rack, dry storage in bow. Deck cleats, bow eye, stern lifting eyes, engine box console cover. 1st Place Winner '09 Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival; Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez, FL April 18. Best in Show, Launch, '09 Apalachicola Classic Boat Show; April 25. Custom built galv trlr. Can deliver all or part way for reasonable mileage. This could be your great grandchildren's boat. Price reduced to \$33,000. Located in NW Florida. A video taken from this boat can be seen if you Google: youtube Blackwaterbm1 & select the TuckerBayouFL video.

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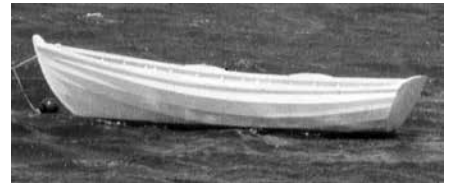
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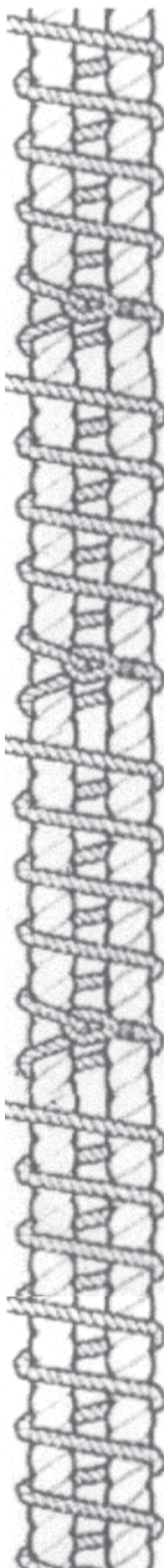
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